RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

The Cease-Fire Fallacy *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — October 4, 1969, 40 cents

Revolt in the Pentagon?

Zalin B. Grant

Youthful Offenders *Robert Coles*

Report from Israel *Philip Ben*

Revenue Sharing *Louis Fisher*

Nixon Meets Students *John Osborne*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Wadyakallus?

*What do you call us?

Give our club a name...
we'll give you a FREE Stereo system of your choice and a FREE Record, Tape, or Book Every Week for a Whole Year.

IF you've ever wanted to buy **UNLIMITED SELECTION** of **BOOKS, RECORDS, TAPES, CARTRIDGES, CASSETTES,** and **HI FI STEREO GEAR** at substantial savings **(25%-80%)** with **NO MINIMUM BUYING OBLIGATION,** our club is for you. Now through the use of one club membership you can have all the advantages of 4 clubs plus much much more.

A club so NEW IN CONCEPT and DESIGN that we ask your help in naming it. What's more, we're willing to pay you for that help. Send us a Name and we'll give you $3 off the Regular **Lifetime Membership** price of $5 and a chance for the big prize. If you're not a gambler here's a sure thing. We're willing to offer **Charter Club Membership** for the same low introductory price. **ALL YOU EVER PAY IS $2.**

The winning name selected by our judges will receive a **FREE STEREO SYSTEM, plus a FREE RECORD, TAPE, or BOOK Every Week for a Whole Year. CONTEST CLOSES NOV. 1,** so you'd better hurry.

Whether you win the big prize or not you'll certainly come up a winner with your club benefits. As a member you have **UNLIMITED SELECTION** of any book you wish: fiction, non-fiction, historical, scientific — even valuable art books at 25% discount. A **FREE Schwann** Catalog comes with your membership which conveniently lists over 30,000 LP's by category: Popular, Classical, Folk, Jazz and so on. **FREE Harrison** Catalogs listing all available 4 and 8 track tapes, cartridges, and cassettes are yours for the asking.

Your **FREE QUARTERLY CLUB MAGAZINE** keeps you informed of all New releases in Records, Tapes, and Books, while offering you valuable extra discount Club Specials.

We've really stacked the deck in your favor: tape deck, that is. We offer savings up to 50% on Stereo Gear from such famous makers as: Acoustic Research, Ampex, Dynaco, Electro Voice, Empire, Kenwood, Scott, Tandberg, Fisher, Garrard, Sony and many others. Ask for a low quote on your needs.

You, of course, receive only **BRAND NEW,** factory sealed, guaranteed perfect **EQUIPMENT, RECORDS, TAPES,** and **BOOKS.** Nothing will ever be shipped unless you order it and there's never any buying requirement.

SAVE 35% TO 80% ON LP RECORDS
SAVE 33⅓% ON TAPES
SAVE 25% ON BOOKS

CHARGE PRIVILEGES AVAILABLE ON ALL PURCHASES

There are NO Membership dues, NO Annual fees and NO Minimum orders. There are tremendous savings, extra discount specials, unlimited selection, 4 Clubs in one convenience, fast same day processing of orders and a chance to be a big winner.

Wadyakallus? NR. 10
C/O SHIELD INTERNATIONAL CORP.
777 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

I WANNA BE A WINNER.

Send me my LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, my Free Schwann Catalog, my Free Harrison 4 and 8 track Catalogs,* order blanks and Club Magazine by return mail. $2 enclosed guarantees me:

1. CHARTER LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP ($5.00 after November 1)
2. 35%-80% savings on LP albums, 1/3 off on tapes, up to 50% on stereo gear, 25% on books.
3. NO MINIMUM PURCHASE OBLIGATIONS. Nothing will ever be sent until I order it.

I must be delighted with the Club or within 30 days I will let you know and receive a full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

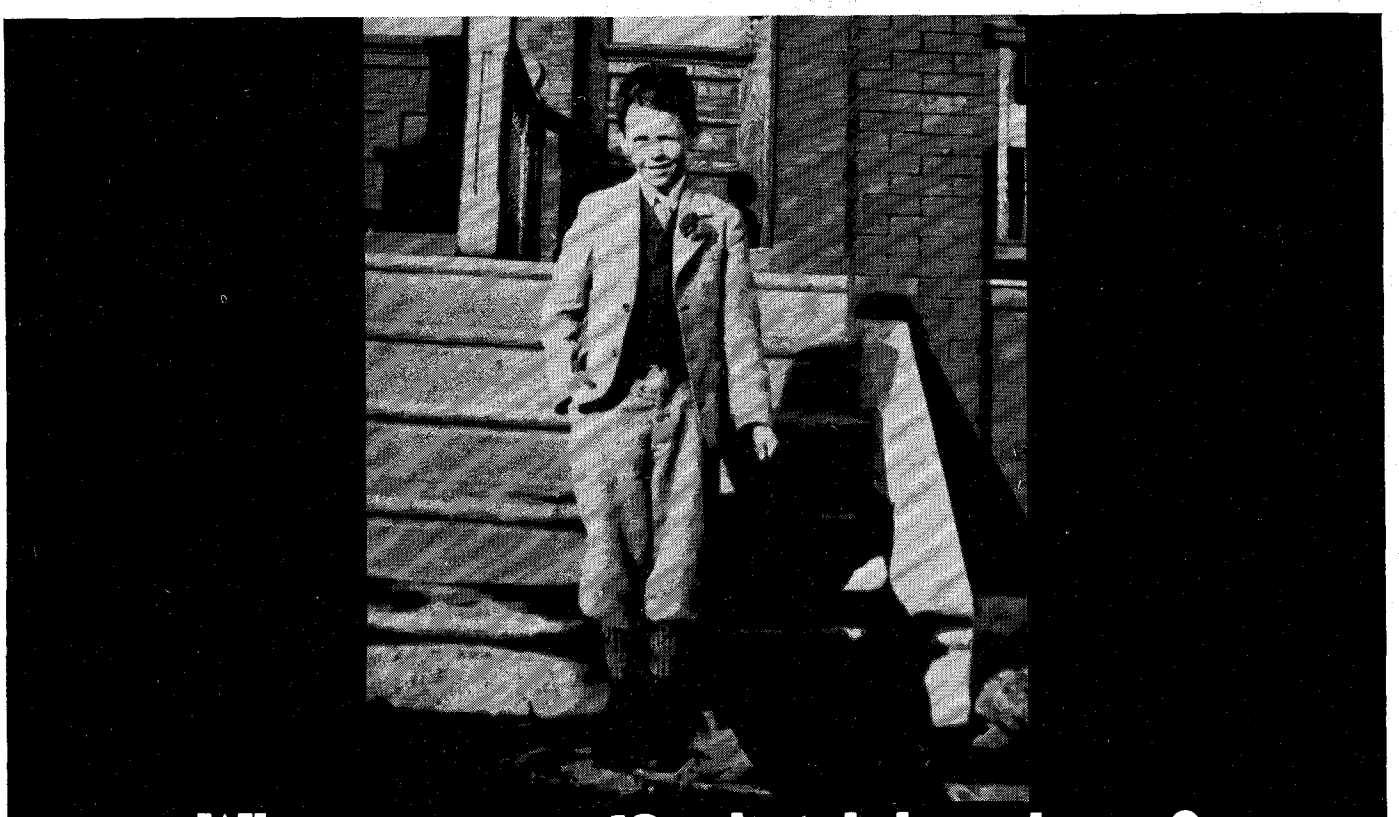
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

*I am interested in tapes, ☐ 4 track and cassettes ☐ 8 track.

HERE'S THE WINNING NAME: _____

Contest closes November 1, 1969. Judges decisions are final. In case of duplicate names, prizes will be awarded to earliest postmarked entry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When you were 12, what did you know?

Buster Crabbe was Flash Gordon. Joe Louis was The Champ. F.D.R. was our president and he had a great grin.

But what about John L. Lewis? Or Munich? And if you happened to live in the Big City, maybe, if your folks could manage the tickets, you'd get a chance to see a concert or a play.

Ask a 12-year-old today about Martin Luther King, Czechoslovakia, the Moon, Leonard Bernstein, Jacques Cousteau's submarine world and how a Prince of Wales is proclaimed. He probably knows them all.

The fact is, today's kids know more than we did. Which is a nice bit of news for anyone concerned about the future. And they found out about a lot of it right at home, watching television.

For an indication of what they're going to learn about next month, here's a partial listing of October's highlights. Take a look. It could help you catch up with the kids.

Discovery. Exploring the Valley of Mexico; The Lost World of the Mayans; The Remarkable World of Seals and Sea Lions; Louisiana Purchase. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

Wild Kingdom. Land of the Condors; Summer of the Badger; Beneath Kilimanjaro. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 26 (7-7:30 pm).

The Wonderful World of Disney. The Three Loves of Thomasina—Parts 1 and 2; The Feather Farm. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines. Film comedy based on historic 1910 London-Paris air race, with Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Sarah Miles, Red Skelton and Terry-Thomas. Sunday, Oct. 5 (9-11:45 pm).

From Here To The Seventies. In-depth study of the United States as it is now and what it may be in the next decade. Paul Newman, guide. Tuesday, Oct. 7 (8:30-11 pm).

Appalachian Autumn. CBS Playhouse—Original play set against a background of economically depressed coal-mining area. Starring Arthur Kennedy, Teresa Wright, Estelle Winwood. Tuesday, Oct. 7 (9:30-11 pm).

World Series. The national sport's annual high spot. First game: Saturday, Oct. 11.

The Mystery of Animal Behavior. National Geographic Society—Animals' greatly varied behavior patterns as seen by Heinz Sielmann, renowned photographer-naturalist. Tuesday, Oct. 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Heidi. Johanna Spyri's classic, starring Maximilian Schell, Jean Simmons, Sir Michael Redgrave, with Jennifer Edwards in the title role. Sunday, Oct. 19 (7-9 pm).

Football's Golden 100. Celebration of the 100th anniversary of football. Tuesday, Oct. 21 (10-11 pm).

Tom Jones. The film of Henry Fielding's novel, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Diane Cilento, Edith Evans, Hugh Griffith. Saturday, Oct. 25 (8:30-11 pm).

Dedication-Concert at Juilliard School. Concert marks opening of Juilliard School at Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 26 (5:30-7 pm).

It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. Charlie and friends celebrate Halloween. Sunday, Oct. 26 (7:30-8 pm).

The Desert Whales. Jacques-Yves Cousteau's crew sails down the California coast to trace migration of the gray whales. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/G-E College Bowl/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Guideline/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $10, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc. 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

from Washington

See The Moon

A one pound chunk of moon is on exhibit at the Smithsonian and in many ways it seems a lot more understandable than other things currently on view in the capital. The difficulty, indeed, is that it looks so commonplace. Visitors have stayed over an extra day so they can tell folks back home that they have seen it. Awestruck children are led up to it between the red museum ropes for a big thrill.

What they see is a piece of grayish-brown rock, not unlike a potato, mounted on a slowly rotating platform, under plexiglass. You could find a better rock anywhere on your way home.

Museum authorities have done their best to make it dramatic. Lighting is indirect. The fragment is elevated about a foot and is held by four screw-prongs in a kind of Tiffany setting. The platform turns once every 35 seconds. A plexiglass bubble covers the whole thing and it is sealed in nitrogen.

Most observers seem nonplussed. "Looks like any old rock," complained one woman. Another with English accent said, "It's not what I expected." Then she brightened, "Now I can say I've seen it."

Two cute tots were led up to the wonder and they gave adequate gasps of appreciation, but it turned out they were applauding the revolving mechanism and not the moon.

This is the Smithsonian's Rock No. 2; the first is the Hope diamond, insured for a million dollars. The diamond is a lot prettier.

It cost $24 billion to fetch this fragment of moon here, and it's a long, long way from home. What the politicians think when they come to see it, I don't know. The crowds have been big and officials say normal attendance has quadrupled. One convenient thing is that people don't linger; they take a look and right off are willing to quit. It's not like the Mona Lisa which played here for a month in 1962 and drew two-and-a-half million people. Nobody wanted to leave her.

The Dead Sea scrolls were an even bigger attraction; they drew five million people in three months in 1964. Well, it's a restful spot in turbulent Washington and maybe it elevates the mind and maybe not. I bought a chocolate frosted dip from a pushcart vendor outside the museum who said that the moon was helping business.

You come away from the cosmic simplicity of a lunar fragment and brace yourself for the complexities of Mr. Nixon's Washington. The *London Economist's* correspondent here wrote the other day (Sept. 13): "The American press treats Mr. Nixon gently, far more gently than it ever treated President Johnson, whom it liked a good deal better." What he complained of was an atmosphere of "studied ambiguity" and he cited as an example that Justice Department decision, first to sue the 33 Mississippi school districts and then to dismiss the suit: "It is characteristic of the Nixon Administration," he wrote, "that both the intentions behind this change of course, and the eventual outcome, are left inscrutable." Not completely inscrutable. According to sources in Mississippi, Senator Stennis threatened to quit handling military appropriations bills unless the Administration heeded his repeated requests for delay in school desegregation back home. He had just won the big fight for the ABM Safeguard and the Administration was grateful. For whatever reason, it made a sudden about-face on the schools.

See Mr. Nixon

Many Presidents before Mr. Nixon have discovered that tension builds up between press conferences. This is all the more so in troublous times where the Administration seems to be consciously practicing ambiguity. In all fairness to Mr. Nixon he has a lot to be ambiguous about. There was that off-again, on-again suspension of bombing that was supposed to signal something to North Vietnam. There was the on-again, off-again support of a cut in the 27½ percent oil depletion allowance, the granddaddy of all tax loopholes. There was the Administration's ambiguity on tax reform in general. There was the complete uncertainty on the whole civil rights issue with a series of moves which led *Time* magazine to say (Sept. 5), "Their effect is to raise the question: Is the Administration pulling back from the scheduled pace of integration? . . . The signs point to a Southern political strategy that demands placating whites at the expense of immediate integration." It was time for a press conference, observers felt.

Some of Mr. Nixon's appointments carry their own mood. Judge Haynsworth – an amiable conservative – is picked for the Supreme Court and you note that he comes from South Carolina which, by a coincidence, is Strom Thurmond's state. Dean Burch, chairman of Barry Goldwater's 1964 Presidential campaign, is named chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, which stands guard over the air waves. Gov. Smylie of Idaho charged, after the Goldwater debacle, that the party had to get rid of Burch if it wanted to lose the "White Supremacy" and "Southern strategy" labels. Well, he's back.

Otto Otepka, the hero of the right wing, who was dismissed for leaking State Department documents to a congressional committee, is now a $36,000-a-year member of the 5-man Subversive Activities Control Board, and Mr. Nixon has just named another member to the lucrative Board, Paul J. O'Neill, a deserving Republican from Florida.

The Board must remind the President of old times, when he was a young congressman from California feeling his oats on the House Un-American Activities Committee and writing the Nixon-Mundt Act of 1950 that created the SACB. It was supposed to register every Communist in the country, which sounded fine in Joe McCarthy's era but ran afoul of the Constitution. Today the Board meets erratically and only works when the Attorney General sends it cases: Katzenbach filed none, Ramsey Clark seven, and Mitchell five, so far. In his book *Six Crises* (1962) Mr. Nixon urged "vigorous and strict enforcement of the SAC Act . . . so that they [the Communists] may be labeled for what they are." It will be interesting to see how he carries this out. Meanwhile, a $36,000 job with minimal work is a real plum and beats moon watching any day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 161, Number 14, Issue 2858, October 4, 1969. Published weekly (48 issues a year) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1969 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Readers' Guide.*

Contents

5-8 Comment
The Cease-Fire Fallacy, Haynsworth Nomination, Consideration, Please
9 Nixon Meets Students – *John Osborne*
10 Report from Israel: Paying the Price for Survival – *Philip Ben*
12 Youthful Offenders – *Robert Coles*
15 Federal Revenue Sharing: A Cautionary Word – *Louis Fisher*
17 Revolt in the Pentagon? – *Zalin B. Grant*
21 Feiffer
22 Films – *Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Books – Reviews by *Roger Starr, Phillip Whitten*
24 Poem – *Stanley Kiesel*
28 Poems – *Ann Stanford* and *John Updike*
29 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Literary Editor – Reed Whittemore
Films and Theater – Stanley Kauffmann
Associate Editors – David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone, John Osborne
Production Manager – Ira Klafter
Assistant to the Editors – Gwen Somers
Contributing Editors – Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, James Ridgeway, Paul Wieck
S.E. Asia Correspondent – Zalin B. Grant
London Correspondent – Anthony Howard
Publisher – Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
Advertising Manager – Holly Reppert
National Advertising Director – F. F. McAdams
20 West 43rd St. New York, N. Y. 10036

The Cease-Fire Fallacy

We would all feel better if the revolutionaries in Vietnam would accept a standstill cease-fire, before a political settlement has been reached. But we delude ourselves if we think they will. The proposal is in the same category as a peace engineered by the United Nations Security Council, or a peace following mutual troop withdrawal, or a peace arising from an internationally supervised election. Any or all of these may some day help in unravelling the war; but each requires something prior: a fundamental change in Saigon. That is the essential that is not squarely faced by advocates of a military freeze, such as Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, former Vice President Hubert Humphrey, and *The New York Times.*

A cease-fire has been promoted for over two years by the estimable spokesmen for the *United Nations Committee for a Political Settlement in Vietnam,* led by former University of California president Clark Kerr and including among its sponsors Daniel Bell, Norman Cousins, Helen Gahagan Douglas, John Kenneth Galbraith, Michael Harrington, Carl Kaysen, Norman Podhoretz, Joseph Rauh, Jr., Bayard Rustin, Dore Schary, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and church leaders. The Committee has spent thousands of dollars financing missions to Vietnam, study groups, seminars, advertising campaigns, mass marchings. It has had solid political impact, especially in the campaign to end the bombing of North Vietnam and the related objective of getting negotiations started in Paris. But it has reached a dead end in its call for a cease-fire.

The idea of having all military forces remain where they are has an immediate appeal. Its fallacy lies in its assumptions about the revolutionaries. They would not, could not, buy it. They have made that plain by word and deed. A standstill cease-fire, in advance of a political agreement, would lose for the Vietcong and their allies in the North everything for which they have fought during the past 25 years; namely, political control of Vietnam. It is an only faintly camouflouged proposal for their surrender. Until the political terms for peace have been negotiated, the continuation of war is in their interest. They know it and act accordingly.

We have been repeatedly assured by the President and his officers – both in this Administration and the previous one – that if those fighting against us would stop fighting, the fighting would stop. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would. But the truism takes us no further toward peace. The revolutionaries in Vietnam are fighting for something they believe is worth dying for – the control of their country. The only circumstances under which one may reasonably expect them to stop fighting are: 1) their total military defeat by the US (which, given the nature of this guerrilla war and of this terrain, would require an American determination to pursue a policy close to genocide); or 2) a political deal which gives them a substantial hope – if not certainty – of their getting what they want without war. Mr. Nixon is not yet prepared to proffer either alternative.

One of the strongest forces at work for the Vietcong and Hanoi, it has been noted, is American public opinion. So long as American casualties continue, so long as the war's staggering costs hit the pocketbooks of the home folk (and are the excuse for delaying domestic reforms), the pressures for getting out will grow. Obviously, a standstill cease-fire would somewhat diminish the discontent of the American electorate, not a prospect Hanoi would welcome.

The Communists make their force felt with far smaller resources than those at our disposal in Vietnam. They do it by surprise attack, assassination (so do we, but less successfully), and appeals to national sentiments. They harrass the economy of South Vietnam, they weaken the South Vietnamese government by draining its manpower into the struggle. They burden it with a huge refugee load. All this works to the advantage of the revolutionaries; all these advantages would be reduced, given a cease-fire. Moreover, the "other side" knows that it is much easier to recruit and organize guerrilla forces while a war is going on. After a cessation of hostilities, political control is more difficult to maintain at the peasant level. It is natural then for farmers to return to their fields.

Even if there were not such compelling reasons for the Communists to persist, it is difficult to imagine how a standstill cease-fire could be negotiated. The military map in South Vietnam resembles a leopard skin. Some spots are VC; others are controlled by the US and South Vietnam; others are in contest. Some spots are Communist by night and Government by day. The territory under effective revolutionary control is not contiguous, so that in a standstill situation the troops could less easily be supplied from North Vietnam. Inevitably, there would be contentious claims about all territory not in the hands of either side. While cease-fire negotiations proceeded (if they ever began), fighting for these areas could be expected to escalate, both sides being determined to demonstrate to international observers that they have the more legitimate claim to territory.

Further, a standstill cease-fire would confront North Vietnam with a problem they prefer to avoid. Hanoi has never acknowledged that its troops are fighting in the South. In addition, there is the problem of momentum. The revolutionaries must be concerned about what would happen to the morale of their fighting force were hostilities stopped without a prior political agreement. And even if the South Vietnamese could be relied upon to respect a truce, Hanoi knows there is a large civilian police force in the South which could go into action, ferreting out the Vietcong and its sympathizers.

The believers in the practicality of a cease-fire have mistakenly drawn analogies between Vietnam and Korea. The dispute in Vietnam has never been over boundary lines, despite efforts by Dean Rusk and others since to make it seem so. The Korean War was a relatively clear case of military aggression across a recognized international boundary line. The war was settled by a cease-fire after the Communists agreed to stay back of their side of the 38th parallel. In Vietnam, the 17th parallel between North and South was accepted in the Geneva Accords of 1954 only as a temporary line behind which troops would regroup pending a free election throughout the country in 1956. The election was never held, because President Diem and the United States blocked it. Ever since, the Communists have been trying to gain by force that which was deprived them in an election which former President Eisenhower acknowledged in his memoirs they would have won.

The Communists will not, we think, stop waging this civil war so long as an anti-communist regime is in command in Saigon. Whatever faint chance is left for anything that even superficially and temporarily might resemble an "honorable" way out for the US, lies in the direction of allowing, encouraging, an altogether different sort of interim rule in the South – one as determined to make peace as the Thieu-Ky group (abetted by some in the Pentagon, CIA and State) is determined to make war.

Instead of pressing for a standstill cease-fire (which even President Thieu has rejected), opponents of US involvement could more usefully help the country get back to the great debate which almost got off the ground at Chicago at the Democratic Convention last year. The minority plank was defeated and the debate was smothered by an election campaign in which both candidates said "me too" to L.B.J. The debate has not been revived, partly because the war's opponents have not put forward a sharp enough challenge to President Nixon. The opportunity to negotiate a settlement may be dead. But if life can be breathed into it, the cast of characters must change. Ambassadors Bunker and Berger, attached to the failures of the past, must be recalled; there must come into being a Saigon regime in which the Vietcong, (and many Southerners who are not identified with either the Vietcong or Thieu-Ky) can fully and freely participate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haynsworth Nomination

It is nothing short of astonishing that President Nixon should have nominated for the succession to Abe Fortas' seat on the Supreme Court a man whose prior record as a judge raises ethical questions. Yet issues of judicial ethics have been central in the hearings on the nomination of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth of South Carolina. And they are, in the aggregate, not trivial issues. Nothing resembling the final Fortas affair is upon us. But there were two Fortas affairs. There was the disclosure that Mr. Fortas had received fees from the Wolfson Foundation, which caused his resignation. Earlier, there was the disclosure that Mr. Fortas had been very handsomely paid for a seminar out of monies raised from a group of people, some of whom had business in the federal courts; and in consequence, at least partially, Mr. Fortas was denied confirmation as Chief Justice, albeit by means of a filibuster. To this first Fortas affair, the Haynsworth case is comparable.

Many judges, including some great Supreme Court Justices, are or have been men of means and have had investments. But Judge Haynsworth not only has scattered investments, he has had as much as a one-seventh ownership interest in a good business in his state. He has, in addition, a rather active portfolio. He has even, during his judicial career, been an officer of two corporations. A few other federal judges served business corporations in this fashion until they were – the word is not too strong – exposed in a brilliant job of reporting by Jerry Landauer in the *Wall Street Journal* in May 1963. Soon thereafter, the Judicial Conference (a body of senior federal judges presided over by the Chief Justice) decided that it was improper for judges to hold corporate offices, and it was then, in October 1963, that Judge Haynsworth resigned his.

That is all well and good, but those corporate officerships were as wrong before October 1963 as after. Not wrong enough to disqualify a judge from further service on the federal bench, as Justice Fortas' connection with the Wolfson Foundation disqualified him, but wrong enough, sufficiently indicative of a certain ethical insensitivity if not obtuseness, to disqualify a judge from promotion to the highest court, as Justice Fortas' earlier indiscretions were sufficient to disqualify him from the Chief Justiceship.

The reasons why the Judicial Conference undertook to forbid the holding of corporate offices by federal judges, and might as well have forbidden ownership of so much as one-seventh of the stock of any corporation, are obvious and should have been all along. A judge's energies and interests should be commited on a continuous basis to one institution and one only – his court. His identification should be with that institution and no other. This is a matter of both appearances and substance. Continuous affiliation with outside institutions appears to impair the disinterestedness that is expected of a judge, and unconsciously it may in fact do so.

A judge, it will be said, however, may disqualify himself in the rare instance when a business or other institution he is affiliated with comes to judgment in his court. That is no answer. If he does disqualify himself, we lose his services, to which we – and not that outside institution that he has chosen also to serve – are entitled. Moreover, for a judge who has outside affiliations, there will inevitably be areas of doubt; grey cases are bound to arise, in which it is not clear whether the judge should disqualify himself, thus depriving the people of his services, or sit in judgment, despite the risk that his impartiality may be put in question. Whatever he does is wrong.

The inevitable happened, sure enough, to Judge Haynsworth in the now-celebrated Deering Milliken case, a labor dispute. Judge Haynsworth had no direct connection with the Deering Milliken Company. But he owned a one-seventh interest in, was a director and was listed as a vice president of, Carolina Vend-a-Matic, a company that had a lucrative contract with Deering Milliken. He decided that his connection was remote and did not disqualify himself in the Deering Milliken case, although he did so in cases directly

"Fits you like a glove!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

involving the J. P. Stevens Company, of which he is also a stockholder. Possibly he acted properly, although the losing labor union did not think so, but the point is that he should not have put himself in the position of having to face such dilemmas.

Aside from his now-abandoned corporate offices, the active nature of his investment portfolio also puts Judge Haynsworth in an unseemly position. In October 1967, Judge Haynsworth and two of his colleagues heard an insignificant – and as Judge Haynsworth has said, easy – case in which the plaintiff was the Brunswick Corporation, a conglomerate. The Judges discussed the case, decided it in favor of Brunswick, and Judge Haynsworth assigned the task of writing the opinion to one of his colleagues. At this stage, the decision of the case is tentative. It remains possible that the opinion writer or another judge may see some fresh feature of it that escaped him at the argument and at the discussion in conference, and may change his mind. After the case had been tentatively decided in this fashion, but before an opinion had been produced, approved and handed down – while changes of mind were still possible, therefore, at least theoretically – Judge Haynsworth's broker called him and suggested buying Brunswick stock. Not remembering, or simply not thinking of, the status of the Brunswick case, the Judge agreed, and the stock was bought. An oversight, no doubt, a slip, a minor indiscretion, but not one likely to happen to a judge who, while he may have investments, is not an active stock-market trader.

Judge Haynsworth has said that he regrets the Brunswick Company incident. He also quit his directorship when the Judicial Conference said he should. But there is no evidence that he sees anything wrong with the course of conduct that gave rise to the Brunswick and the Deering Milliken incidents, or that he would himself have understood why judges should not be corporate officers. He is an honest man, but a limited one. He will do the ethical thing as soon as someone tells him what it is. That is not good enough for the Supreme Court.

Clarification, Please

Little attention has been paid an indicative hearing that took place September 10 in the Eighth US Circuit Court in St. Louis. The Justice Department there asked the appellate court to set aside a lower court ruling, and to put into effect as swiftly as possible an HEW desegregation plan for the Warren School District in Bradley County, Arkansas.

Gary Greenberg, the 27-year-old Justice Department lawyer making the government's argument, soon realized he had more to answer for than the merits of his own case. Before they took the Arkansas matter under advisement, the judges sitting *en banc*, peppered Greenberg with questions about the government's earlier decision to seek a delay in desegregating 33 Mississippi school districts – though in these very districts, the Fifth US Circuit Court, at the government's behest, had not long before ordered HEW desegregation plans to go into effect this fall!

How could the government ask the courts to speed desegregation in Arkansas, Judge Harry A. Blackmun wanted to know, when it had just sought and won a slowdown in Mississippi? Circuit Judge Gerald W. Heaney asked: "Can you guarantee that if we grant your motion the Attorney General won't pull the rug out from under us?"

Greenberg argued gamely that the Arkansas and Mississippi cases were unrelated matters. Under questioning from the bench he said he thought the delay in Mississippi was wrong, that virtually all the lawyers in the civil rights division felt as he did, and it was their hope that such a thing would never happen again.

Unless federal judges throughout the South are convinced of the government's commitment, the drive for desegregation will certainly be seriously delayed. Convincing testimony on the Administration's intentions can, at this point, come only from the Attorney General himself. At this writing, Mr. Mitchell has not had a word to say on the controversy over the Mississippi cases. His silence is the more resounding because of the unrest within his own department. On August 29, a petition bearing the signatures of 65 of the 75 line lawyers in the civil rights divison was placed on Mtchell's desk. Acknowledging their obligation to obey the orders of their superiors, they nevertheless said that "conscience compels us" to protest delay in desegregating the Mississippi districts. They asked the Attorney General for assurances that the civil rights laws would be vigorously enforced and that department policies would be based on legal principles rather than other, that is to say, political considerations.

Weighing the delaying action in Mississippi, along with the new policy of relying less on the threat of HEW fund cutoffs and more on inevitably prolonged law suits as a desegregation weapon, the bipartisan US Civil Rights Commission concludes the Administration has staged "a major retreat" in the effort to equalize educational opportunities in the South. If the Administration has been wronged by its critics, as Secretary Finch maintains, it would not be too difficult to set matters straight. The Justice Department could publicly respond to its loyal but troubled attorneys with an explicit pledge to vigorously enforce civil rights laws and court rulings. And the Administration could throw its weight against the Whitten Amendment, now in the Senate, which would cripple HEW efforts to get school districts to accept effective desegregation plans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon Meets Students

At the White House on Saturday afternoon, September 20, President Nixon spent an hour and 40 minutes with some 225 college and university students. He talked to them, he talked with them, and he let them talk to him. It was a unique occasion, the first of its kind since he was nominated for the Presidency last year, and the President was at one with most of his guests in judging afterward that it was a considerable success.

It should have been. Months of inquiry and preparation preceded it, and more months of evasion of anything approaching confrontation with the student generation came before that. Reporters who covered Mr. Nixon's campaign can never forget his demeaning flight from a crowd of polite and passive students massed on the campus of William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va., after addressing a small group of them at a closed meeting. A taped interview with four sedate youngsters brought to Williamsburg from other colleges, was never televised. A couple of groups of student opponents of the Vietnam war met at the White House this year with Henry A. Kissinger, the President's staff adviser on foreign policy. Charles B. (Bud) Wilkinson, the former Oklahoma football coach who is Mr. Nixon's special consultant for youth affairs, and his staff of recent graduates have been meeting, mostly in secret, with student groups around the country and presumably conveying their wants and plaints to the President. But his own student contacts since his inauguration have been confined, so far as is known, to the speeches he delivered in June, on his way to Midway Island, at General Beadle State College in South Dakota and at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Neither encounter dispelled the impression that Mr. Nixon was afraid of students and of the disruptive effects that they, in uncontrolled situations and numbers, might have upon him and upon his efforts to lower the national fevers.

This is not an impression that the President and his assistants want to encourage, and Bud Wilkinson and some others on the White House staff have been on the alert since last spring for a chance to correct it. They detected the possible makings of that chance when they heard early this year about the plans of the Association of Student Governments for a national conference at which the presidents of student bodies and the presidents of colleges and universities would get together for a discussion of campus problems. The ASG is, by definition, an organization of students who have made it on their campuses. Its members are the elected presidents of their student "governments." Along with their campus organizations they are, more often than not, as much on the defensive against campus revolutionaries as their college and university administrations are. The national headquarters is in Washington, in an office building three blocks from the White House. Edward (Ned) Callan, a senior on leave from Colorado State College and ASG's acting president, struck a responsive chord at the White House with a speech, later to become the printed theme of the conference, entitled "Evolution Not Revolution: A Time for Constructive Activism." He and his associates on the ASG national staff welcomed initial inquiries from Wilkinson and from Tom Huston, a young Nixon speech writer, about the possibilities of somehow tying the White House into the proposed "Presidents to Presidents" conference. Its declared purpose – "To Seek the Answers Together" – was pleasantly in tune with the "Bring Us Together" theme proclaimed by Mr. Nixon on the day after his election.

Months of rather wary negotiation followed, through the summer and early fall, while the ASG staff digested the replies from some 1,300 invited institutions and the final acceptances from about 225 of them. A condition was that the student presidents had to be accompanied to the conference in Washington by either the president or a responsible administrator of their schools, and most of the institutions that met the requirement turned out to be among the country's smaller colleges and universities. The program was weighted (or so the ASG staff thought) against set speeches and toward discussion sessions with panels of government officials, educators, business and labor spokesmen. With one exception, invited speakers were told they would be expected to answer questions from their audience.

The exception was Mr. Nixon. The matter of audience questioning was not raised when he was invited during the summer. He neither rejected nor accepted the invitation when, in a "Dear Herman" letter in August from his West White House to Herman Pirchner, Jr., ASG's executive secretary, he applauded the idea of the conference, endorsed the thought that "the university must be in the vanguard of reform," and noted a belief that "the overwhelming majority of today's youth are responsible, sincere, and concerned citizens." Whether he would agree to meet ASG's responsible, sincere and concerned citizens was still uncertain at the start of the conference week. Too late for notation in the printed program, John Campbell (Duke '66) and Jeffrey Donfeld (UCLA '65, Berkeley Law '68) of the Wilkinson staff intimated on Tuesday of that week that the President would prefer to meet the students and their accompanying administrators in the White House East Room. The ASG staff thought it was settled then, and passed the word to the assembling conferees, but the White House staff did not consider the engagement binding until the afternoon before the event.

The meeting could have gone badly wrong. Forty or so of the student delegates, hotted up by a few black students from "black" colleges and warmly supported by white rebels of like mind, had been protesting since the conference opened that they had not come to Washington to be talked at by official and other dignitaries,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but to talk at them and among each other. They wanted to talk about American society and what it was doing to American campuses, not about the campuses as isolated problem centers. Some of them had proposed to boycott the White House meeting and, dissuaded from that, had given the ASG staff and one of their morning guests, federal Education Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr., a rough time. They had demanded and had been denied hard answers, then and there, to hard questions – such as whether, and when, and with what amounts of money the federal government was going to do something about the growing difficulties of small colleges, black and white. Vietnam, the draft, drugs-on-campus, "institutional racism" were also on their minds, boiling up at the conference, and among the President's guests there were dissidents who complained, with mounting anger, that their questions had been neither discussed nor answered satisfactorily. Later that afternoon at the conference and through the night that followed, they raised vocal hell.

But not in the East Room, not at the White House and not with the President. Mr. Nixon and his staff had figured correctly in calculating the effect of this place upon this group. His graceful little speech with its softening message – the way to be effective is to be *quiet* – went over well and drew sustained applause at the end. Beside his daughter Tricia, all in pink and blonde and lovely and attentive, he afterward shook hands and had a brief word with everybody there (excepting a few who refused to join the line). Presidential assistants, among them no less a personage than Counselor Arthur Burns, the distinguished economist, sought out the student guests, individually and in clusters, and gave respectful heed to whatever they had to say. Lou Oates from Central State College in Ohio, one of the black dissidents, paused before the President and talked at him for a minute or so, emphasizing what he said with a thrusting arm – but, as the onlookers could see, with courtesy too. The President halted Marvin L. Peebles (Penn State '66, Villanova Law '69), the ASG staff's black specialist in student rights, for a few extra seconds of talk. Did Mr. Nixon, toward the end of an hour and 25 minutes of such encounters, take in what was said to him? Peebles said afterward that he didn't know, couldn't tell, but he did know that he and most of the others were pleased.

It happened that, a couple of days later, the President announced and Counselor Burns explained the formation of a new batch of task forces to develop long range policies for Mr. Nixon. One of them would deal with "priorities in higher education" and the provision of larger opportunities "for students from minority and low income backgrounds." Burns was asked whether students would be represented on this task force. "As presently planned," he answered, "it will consist principally of university and college presidents."

John Osborne

Report from Israel

Paying the Price For Survival

Tel Aviv

Mrs. Golda Meier's visit to the US, planned or not, coincided with a reappraisal by the American public of its attitude towards Israel. In the past the staunchest supporters of Israel have been the liberals, while conservative opinion has been lukewarm or openly pro-Arab. But with Israel's victory in the six-day war, many liberals shifted their sympathy to the new underdogs, the Arab states, and first of all to the Palestinian Arabs, many of whom have been living in camps for over two decades, with no hopes for the future. At the same time, conservatives began to grow uneasy over the unlimited Soviet backing for the Arabs. Israel became, for them, a kind of anti-Soviet bastion in the vital Middle East. But as with other foreign issues, the problem of Israel cannot be understood in terms of American domestic allegiances or ideological inclinations.

Despite the torrid heat of the days and the very short nights for rest, people here stay awake to hear the midnight bulletins; for it is then that the number and names of casualties are announced. At six in the morning, radios are again turned on for news of incidents that took place during the night. Then, only a few hours later, the newspapers appear with pictures and biographies of the killed. The painful truth has taken hold: to survive as a nation, Israel for years to come may have to sacrifice some thousand young lives a year.

Six months ago, Israelis spoke of their fear of renewed American pressure, comparable to that in 1957 when President Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles forced Israel to withdraw from the Sinai desert, and from Sharm El Sheik which guards the entrance to the Red Sea port of Elath. In return, Israel was given promises, the emptiness of which became apparent in the hard days preceding the six-day war in June 1967. No one now speaks about US pressure that might result from some American-Soviet agreement on the Middle East. The turning point in the Big Power effort to find a solution, Israeli officials believe, was the Gromyko trip to Egypt last June. Gromyko had carried to Cairo an oral agreement reached during protracted talks in Washington between Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin and Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco. Under its terms, Nasser would have recovered most of the territory lost in 1967, but he would have had to make peace with Israel, regardless of the fate of Jordanian and Syrian territories occupied by Israel. Nasser refused, and Moscow thereupon accepted the renewed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burden of supporting his war of attrition against the Jewish state.

It is a radically different scene today. Along the coastal dunes overlooking the small houses of Askhelon, a resort town near the old Egyptian border, a large cluster of oil tanks has sprung up and a broad asphalt road is being laid down nearby. Far into the Mediterranean, one can already see the pipe terminal. Some 150 miles inland, in the wilderness of the Negev desert, a huge tractor gently raises a 40-foot-long steel tube, (made in Abadan) and places it in a ditch carved in the stony ground. A few tall, blond workers (with Texas accents) do the welding. In Elath, another community of oil tanks is being readied. Before the year is over, oil will start flowing through by far the shortest, though the biggest, of all the pipelines in the Middle East. With an initial capacity of 19 millon tons a year, the line will soon handle 25 million and a few years later – 60 million tons of oil. A Moslem government is a silent partner in this Israeli enterprise, while a Communist country will be among the buyers of the oil. Six large tankers to carry this cheap Mideastern fuel from the Persian Gulf to Elath, are now being built in Scandinavian and Japanese shipyards. A refinery, beginning with a modest capacity of three million tons a year will soon be built near the Mediterranean end of the pipeline. When completed, the whole scheme will bring the Israeli economy well over $50 million a year. That a work of such magnitude should be going on while the six-day war is well into its third year is one of the parodoxes of the Middle East.

But it is by no means the only one. Half way between Suez (now a ghost city), at the southern end of the Canal, and Sharm el Sheik, which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Elath and the Gulf of Suez, the sea is dotted by oil derricks standing on 150-foot-tall platforms. There are more wells along the coast held by Israel. These are the famous Abu Rodes fields that were developed in the early fifties by the Italian state oil enterprise and operated jointly with the Egyptian government. The wells are now being exploited by an Israeli state company, though it is believed that the Italians are being compensated. For the time being, the flow of oil, shipped from the Abu Rodes fields to Elath, is limited by a small pipeline between Elath and Haifa. In a few months, when the big line is ready, the field will produce some five million tons annually, and new drillings may boost this production considerably.

Immediately after the 1967 war – and perhaps even up to last year – Nasser could have had a peace treaty with Israel, providing for the return of all lost territories except the Gaza strip (a part of former Palestine) and Sharm El Sheik. Today no such settlement appears imminent. A continuing political and military stalemate is more probable, which would harm Israel no more than it would her Arab neighbors. From a helicopter carrying the visitor to one of the oil platforms six miles off the coast, one can see another concentration of derricks nearer the Egyptian coast – the famous Moran fields – a joint venture of the Egyptian government and the American-owned Pan American Oil Corporation. The eight million tons of crude oil a year which are shipped from there to the Aden refinery (the Suez refinery is in ruins) is Egypt's most important source of supply. In 1967 Israel could have easily occupied the Moran fields. It didn't, perhaps in deference to the American part ownership. Nevertheless it remains an easy target.

Contemplating the immense amount of construction going on along the pipeline and in the ports of Elath, Ashcal and Ashdod further to the north (site of another planned refinery and where the US-Israeli nuclear desalting and power plant is likely to be situated), one realizes why Israel insists on retaining control over access from the Red Sea to the Gulf of Aqaba. Officially, Israel's "non-negotiable" demands concern the status of Jerusalem, the Golan Heights and a defense line along the Jordan River. But in fact, Israel has no intention of giving up the Suez Gulf oilfields.

This war of attrition is a terrible ordeal – for all. The Israelis accept it because they are convinced they have no other choice. One of the best informed and most sophisticated members of the Israeli General Staff discounts frequent press reports about the great improvement of the Egyptian forces. The well-publicized Egyptian commando raids across the Suez Canal were failures. The ease with which Israeli helicopter-borne units penetrate to any point deep inside Egypt suggests no easy success for any big offensives by Nasser.

Militarily, the Israelis seem confident. They *are* concerned, as they well might be, about the size of Soviet military aid. There is little difference today between Israeli and US estimates of the amount of Soviet arms going to Egypt, Syria and Iraq. The Egyptian air force, now 70 percent stronger than it was in June 1967, will be 100 percent stronger by the end of the year – even though the quality of pilots, many trained in Russia and others in Egypt by Soviet instructors, has not improved. All the ammunition from the heavy guns the Egyptians fire in frequent Canal engagements comes from Russia. Maintaining the Egyptian and Syrian war effort, and providing essential civilian supplies in addition, is a heavy burden for the Russians. But Brezhnev and Kosygin may fear that if Gamal Nasser should be overthrown, their positions too would become shaky. At any rate, while Washington and Israel can publicly admit their disagreements, Moscow cannot afford to take any public position not fully shared by Nasser. For this reason, if for no other, any American-Soviet compromise on the Middle East is out of the question, and the new round of talks in Washington and in the UN assembly is expected to be as unproductive as its predecessors.

Philip Ben

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Experiment in Rehabilitation

Youthful Offenders

by Robert Coles

In early August Mr. J. Edgar Hoover released his annual analysis of crime and criminals in the United States. The statistics are appalling. Juveniles (the under 18), account for almost a third of all arrests, apart from traffic violations. Almost half the serious crimes – from burglary and robbery all the way up to murder – were committed by those same youths. Local, state and federal prisons are quite full, and if things continue as they are, will be packed beyond capacity, as some already are. The one thing criminals seem to have more and more in common is the experience of having been in jail. A five-year FBI study called "Careers in Crime," shows that out of some 17,000 convicted offenders released in 1963 on probation or on parole or because their full sentence had been served, no less than 63 percent had been arrested again by 1968. Most were white men; one-third were black. Of those under 20 released in 1963, a full half were under arrest by the next year, and by 1968 three out of four were charged with new crimes. Three-fourths of those arrested last year for burglary had been arrested before on one or another serious charge; 36 percent of them had records in three or more states.

If we confine all those young people to prisons for longer and longer sentences, we will need hundreds of millions of dollars for new buildings and the guards to run them – and the one thing Mr. Hoover's statistics suggest is that the result will be even more criminals. Jails seem to insure that those who start out as lawbreakers become, year by year, sentence by sentence, hardened criminals – something that has not escaped the notice of our new Chief Justice, Warren Burger. In an address to the American Bar Association, made as the FBI was releasing its bad news, the Chief Justice said that "we must explore more fully limited confinement and work release. . . . We must explore teaching methods adapted to the abnormal psychology of the habitual offender. We must search for new incentive programs to permit reduction of sentences for those who will educate and train themselves in skills which give a man pride and identity. . . . There must be a better way to do it," meaning run our jails.

The federal government started doing something about "it" in 1963, when under the sponsorship of Attorney-General Robert F. Kennedy, planning was begun for a new and unusual center for young people. The youths would be under 20 and the qualifications for admission to the center would be conviction on a charge of committing a federal crime. On December 9, 1968 the Robert F. Kennedy Youth Center, built in Morgantown, West Virginia, at a cost of $10 million, was formally dedicated. I was in Farmington, West Virginia at the time, about 30 miles southwest from Morgantown. A mine disaster had happened, and I was talking with survivors. The radio and the papers carried parts of Senator Edward Kennedy's remarks at the dedication, as well as then Attorney-General Ramsey Clark's insistence that the rhetoric of punitive retaliation might temporarily appease alarmed voters, but in the end would endanger them even further – as whole new generations of criminals are graduated from those prisons whose collective existence reassures so many people and gives them a taste of vengeance, too. In the midst of a conversation with me, a miner suddenly switched himself upon hearing Ramsey Clark's words come out of the next room: "I wouldn't mind going there myself. At least I'd be young, and I'm sure they'll take a lot better care of those boys than they did with us when we went into the mines. I was 15, like they must be, going into that Center, and there was no Robert Kennedy looking over us, no sir, there wasn't – just a lot of greedy coal operators that didn't care if we lived or died, and when a lot of us did die, with one explosion after another, they'd say it's tough luck, and not waste a minute sending us survivors back down, where the same dangerous conditions remained. . . . Maybe Robert Kennedy will inspire them, the boys up there in that center in Morgantown."

Late this summer, I went to Morgantown. "They're watching around here, in the town and nearby, and they're watching in Washington," an official at the Center told me. "The boys here aren't much different from thousands and thousands of boys all over the country who aren't in a jail or a detention center – except that most of these kids are poor and their families can't hire lawyers that will fight to get the case filed or appealed and appealed until they get tired, the prosecutors. The people in Morgantown know that there isn't *that* big a difference between these kids and their own, and in Washington they know we've got to figure out a way to get these kids straightened out or the whole country will fall apart, that's what I think."

During the days I was at the Center, the Morgantown *Dominion-News* was running a series on juvenile

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

delinquency, something hundreds of American papers do every year. The town has a curfew for youths under 18 – 11 P.M. Either the Center demonstrates that young offenders can be influenced to stay out of trouble upon discharge or, "we'll just build more and more warehouses, and stock them up with the kids and as many as we let out each year, double the amount will be coming in, and the ones we let out will be back, too."

Not that such morbid thoughts dominate the atmosphere. When an outsider comes upon the place he will likely think of a new, attractively designed school, divided into a cluster of a half dozen or so buildings, with a strikingly modern church to the side, all placed on the floor of a valley, which now seems as if it were made for no other purpose but the Center. The hills alone stand guard over the buildings; no walls, no towers, not even modest fences such as any institution might casually, for symbolic reasons, want for itself. The students, as the youths who range in age from 14 to 20 are called, must see from their first moments there how different things will be: different from what they may have experienced elsewhere; different from what they expected; even different from what they want – because often enough fiercely rebellious youths crave an arbitrary, gratuitous, punitive manner which as children they found familiar and learned to abide by – for a time.

Most of the youths, easily two-thirds, are there because they stole automobiles and drove them across a state line. About 10 percent were arrested at the Mexican border for attempting to smuggle in marijuana, or they were found using and selling it in an apartment or dormitory. Some broke into mailboxes in search of money and credit cards. There are Indians who lived on government property and happened to "deface" it, and youths from Appalachia who got caught making or selling "moonshine." The young men – full of bravado, worldliness, toughness, cynicism and sophistication – are not, however, set apart by their past records. An effort is made to let them *be* for a couple of weeks, so that they can be watched and record made of how they talk and act and in general get along. Interviews are held, tests given, observations discussed, and finally the students are put into one of four cottages, where they will live and hopefully go through whatever it is psychologically that means a "change" has taken place.

Inevitably these days, a lot of bulky, dreary and pretentious words get caught up in decisions that at heart derive their justification from common sense – that is, from the perceptive judgment of decent and earnest and intelligent men who want to do good by a young person entrusted to their care. So, one hears about "differential treatment" and "sentence-completion tests" and "operant conditioning" and "behavior categories" – which means kinds of people. In this life there *are* those various kinds of people, and the staff of the Center has shrewdly seen fit to separate frightened, somewhat childish boys from nervous and emotionally tormented or even bizarre ones; and both of those groups from youths who have been part of gangs, or appear to be impulsive and belligerent, or as it is put, "unsocialized." Vulnerable, compliant boys are not set upon by mean and sometimes assaultive ones; cliques of tough youngsters, on the look for someone to "get at," are not given a chance to prey upon solitary young men who are there in Morgantown for using pot – but in my opinion should be free. Around each of the cottages a certain kind of life is built; each has a particular "tone."

Prisons are most often places where locked-up, frustrated, beaten-down men take out on one another a million urges, resentments, vengeances. Years ago, when I was taking my training in child psychiatry, I saw all of that take place in an "industrial school" for delinquent youth, where despite the work of some of the finest officials I have ever met anywhere, the way the inmates lived – slept, ate, worked and above all, associated with one another – conspired to make for brutality, prison-like in every way, even though we were dealing with "children" under sixteen.

More than anything else I noticed the absence of that. I do not mean that I saw sweetness and light everywhere. Some of the counselors to the students are products of a prison system, though admittedly a federal one, which means a far more enlightened one than those in many of our states. It is hard to adjust – as the counselors themselves admit: "I liked it better in Ashland [a more "traditional" federal youth center in Kentucky] because there you knew what you had to do, and you did it. We had rules, and they applied to everyone, and we weren't trying to treat each inmate as if he's different – we couldn't. Here, you have to worry about this kid and that one. It took me a lot of getting used to. If you ask some of the boys, they'll tell you they agree with me; it's tough for them, too. Most in this cottage have been in reform schools and places like that before; they expect to be told everything and asked nothing, and when you start switching that, like it's done here, you've got a confused boy."

He is right. Some of the more confirmed offenders become confused and scornful. They are made anxious by the civility of the place, by the fact that they are accepted as worthwhile and even trustworthy. Anxiety takes many forms: overactivity, combativeness, sarcasm, withdrawal, or finally, a retreat to petulant and demanding and childlike behavior. The staff of the cottage, its counselors and case workers and various advisors (trained in psychiatry, psychology, social work) meet to figure out how to counter them. Things have to be *done* rather than endlessly mulled over and analyzed – particularly with moody, sullen youths, quick to become angry, quick to act on their feelings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather than live with them. There has to be a schedule of activities, and there is, very much like the kind to be found in a good, well-run school. The youths are up early, often to see a heavy fog that hangs low over the valley and seems destined to stay forever. They eat – a time when the whole Center is brought together – then go back to the cottage, clean up things, do appointed chores, and by around nine are ready for school, which is the Center's main activity. They learn what students throughout the world do, all depending, of course, on age and educational background and ability and interests. The school is well equipped. There is a fine gym, a large swimming pool that has a magnificently open and uninterrupted view of the hills, and a library which also is just getting under way. (The Center was opened for students in February.)

It will take time to see what effect the Center has. Talks with the students show that many of them have already learned some things. They are being rewarded, by a complicated system of points, redeemable into cash, for demonstrating studious, cooperative behavior; and they are being promoted along into an increasingly self-sustaining, private and independent life within the Center – one that ultimately will more or less resemble the world outside. They are full of complaints and criticisms – which they feel free to express to the staff as well as to an outsider, who after all, despite his protestations of concern and friendship, might not be considered trustworthy. They don't wear closely cropped haircuts; Roy Gerard, the kind and intelligent and able director of the Center, says he is striving for something other than fearful conformity: "Many of these young people have been pushed around and shouted at all their lives. A lot of people say 'kick them in their pants and make them shape up,' but what do you do with a kid that's been kicked and kicked and he goes along and obeys – until one day he explodes? We hope to learn about these young people – we're studying what we do as we do it. We also hope to reach the boys, as individuals. If a boy has his hair a little long, and if he complains a lot to us – it might mean that he is doing just fine. In one breath he'll tell you he wishes he were in a 'real prison' where it's march in line, sit in the cells, follow orders to the letter; but in the next breath you'll hear him talking about himself, and what he's going to do – later, when he leaves here. So, I hope we're on the right track; and I believe we are. Certainly the old ways haven't worked."

He and others at the school have had and will continue to have problems. Their budget is being cut. There is always the rigidity and sometimes the incredible inertia of the federal bureaucracy – no small matter when a program depends for its life upon flexibility and ingenuity and spontaneity. As the youths improve they become questioning, self-sufficient, and at times as difficult as they were earlier in their stay. The cottages have "town meetings," times when the staff and the students say what comes to mind; and do so, thank God, without that almost sinister kind of self-consciousness that some "groups" intent on something called "sensitivity training" demonstrate.

And finally, what of Robert F. Kennedy, whose words are scattered about the Center on brass plates, whose picture hangs on the wall of one building, his shirt characteristically rumpled and loose at the neck, his necktie also a little loose? Now, over a year after his death, I am still hearing him missed nearby, up in the hollows of West Virginia. I wondered what he and his ideals would mean to these young people. Many of them are completely uninterested in politics, even uninterested in events like our landing on the moon. Some of the counselors told me they occasionally thought of the Senator, read his words on the walls of the cottage or in the church; and some of the black youths had high praise for him, as a man they knew to be their friend – as did a few young men from what we call "blue-collar" backgrounds. But I met up with an unforgettable moment just before I was to leave, when I had occasion to speak with a white Southerner of 15 who, in the course of our talk said this: "He wasn't with us, you know. My family, they hated them, all the Kennedys. I never thought one way or the other about him until I came here. But I've read his words one place and another, and I think he's o.k. I wrote and told my mother so, and you know what? She wrote back and said she got to thinking and decided maybe I was right – because he tried to do good, that's why he rubbed a lot of people the wrong way." Then the young man pointed out to me the plaque whose words got to him, and admitted almost proudly that it had taken him time to understand what exactly their meaning is: "What we require is not the self-indulgence of resignation from the world, but the hard effort to work out new ways of fulfilling our personal concern and our personal responsibility." Robert F. Kennedy spoke those words on June 21, 1961; and in August of 1969 a youth from the deep South, in trouble with the law and sent by a federal court to the Robert F. Kennedy Youth Center had taken the trouble to comprehend and think about them.

COMING: a report by Ralph Nader on certain deficiences in our system of legal education

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Cautionary Word

Federal Revenue Sharing

by Louis Fisher

When congressmen ask their constituents, "Do you think the federal government should return a portion of its revenue to the states to enable them to solve more of their own problems?" 70 to 80 percent say yes. This response rests on a misconception: that revenue sharing will provide a painless source of funds. When the question is worded more honestly, the results are a little different. "Should federal income taxes be increased over federal needs to provide for tax sharing with states?" one legislator asked. 93 percent answered no.

It is a curious notion that the federal government should *begin* sharing some of its revenue with the states. Where do we suppose the money goes now – to the District of Columbia? Guam, perhaps? Of course the government shares its revenue with the states. Grants-in-aid tripled during the Eisenhower years, and tripled again under the Kennedy-Johnson Administrations. Every congressional district benefits from some kind of military installation or defense contract, or public works project. It is facile to argue that "cities need financial relief; revenue sharing provides financial relief; therefore, cities need revenue sharing." The merits of revenue sharing have to be compared with other forms of financial relief: expanded grant-in-aid programs, federal assumption of welfare costs, or direct federal subsidies for municipal bonds.

What distinguishes revenue sharing is not tax relief or "sharing," which is so much flim-flam, but the distribution of federal funds without federal controls. Here are the thorns: local autonomy versus national goals, decentralization versus federal responsibility. In his proposal to share federal dollars with state and local governments (beginning with a modest $500 million in fiscal '71 but holding out the promise of $5 billion a year by fiscal 1976), Mr. Nixon has opted for local autonomy and decentralization; no strings attached. Funds would be allocated on the basis of population with an adjustment for local tax effort.

Previous advocates of revenue sharing will not be entirely happy with this plan. Walter Heller has urged controls to make sure, for example, that states abide by the anti-discrimination provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act; he would also prohibit use of revenue-sharing funds for highways, already financed by a separate trust fund. Rep. Henry Reuss (D, Wis.) would make revenue sharing conditional on federal approval of modernization plans for state governments. Other legislators have suggested limiting revenue-sharing funds to health education and welfare or giving special supplements to poorer states.

On the third of last month, the National Governors Conference proposed two more qualifications: taking account of the difficulty Western states have in increasing their tax effort, because of the large amount of nontaxable federal property in their states; and, using some of the revenue-sharing funds expected by local governments for regional projects. Thus even if a majority of congressmen favored revenue sharing, they might remain sharply divided over a concrete proposal.

It is argued that states invigorated by revenue sharing can function once again as "little laboratories" of social and economic innovation notwithstanding their irresponsibility in matters of personal liberties, reapportionment, procedural safeguards and racial discrimination. I find it hard to imagine a renaissance of responsibility in state legislatures, though I know the President believes his plan will help "to restore strength and vigor to local and state governments; to shift the balance of political power from Washington and back to the country and the people." This "back to the people" nostrum is one means of sidestepping federal responsibilities, asking the states to do what they can not or will not. How can New York unsnarl its transportation system, on the ground and in the air, without federally-supported mass transit along the Eastern seaboard? What can one state, say Ohio, do about the fouling and slow death of Lake Erie?

If revenue sharing survives these conceptual infirmities, it must then tangle with Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, who objects to the federal government collecting money and not supervising how it is spent. For those who want a share in federal revenue, he offers matching responsibility for sharing the federal debt, a bargain the states find unappealing.

Cities have been particularly apprehensive about revenue sharing. It is said that state insensitivity to urban problems is being overcome as a result of reapportionment decisions, but the anti-city bias of state legislatures isn't dead yet. And if seniority and committee

---

Louis Fisher *is assistant professor of political science at Queens College.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chairmanships go on being pocketed by state legislatures from rural areas, it may never be. Moreover, reapportionment is likely to shift power not to central cities but to suburbs. John Lindsay's criticism of his state's budget as "anti-urban" suggests it is premature to say that state government, even in progressive New York, is sympathetic to big-city problems.

To allay the fears of mayors, it is pointed out that states now set aside the bulk of their revenue for education, health, and welfare, and that this would continue under revenue sharing, to the cities' benefit. Mr. Nixon says, "one can reasonably expect that education, which consistently takes over two-fifths of all state and local general revenues, will be the major beneficiary" of revenue-sharing funds. What I want to know is not whether states support education, but how they support it. In rejecting, this past January, a proposal to shift from specific support of compensatory education to general block grants for education, the National Advisory Council on the Education of Disadvantaged Children concluded that "any changes that would further shift the responsibility to the states for distributing education funds would – in many states and possibly in all – diminish the impact of this necessary investment in the education of disadvantaged children." State distribution of funds, it said, "rarely, if ever, favors those sections of the state with the greatest concentration and number of educationally deprived children – the central cities."

Since we can't trust the states to distribute funds on the basis of need, it has been suggested that a certain portion of revenue-sharing funds be given directly to local governments. Mayors feel more comfortable with this "pass through" approach, but it still would not guarantee that federal funds will go where they should. Take Wisconsin. The pass-through formula is generous here (half of state revenue earmarked for municipalities). Nevertheless, Senator William Proxmire points out that it's the prosperous cities that make out best: "They get the share of the income tax they pay, and cities like Milwaukee that earnestly, desperately need it, do not get it." What we need is not funds distributed on the basis of population and tax effort, but a formula that recognizes the cities' special financial problem, a problem due partly to a concentration of the aged and poor who require expensive services, and to the large number of nonresidents who rely on urban services.

The executive director of the US Conference of Mayors, John Gunther, has expressed dismay over the lack of city representation throughout the Nixon Administration. His suspicions were reinforced by the handling of federal funds for law enforcement assistance. Planning grants were released by the Justice Department to the states, with the understanding that priority would be given to major urban and metropolitan areas with high crime rates. But a study by the National League of Cities revealed that funds were being used to create "third levels of bureaucracy as a matter of state administrative convenience." Philadelphia, which accounted for almost 25 percent of the serious crimes in the state, got less than 10 percent of Pennsylvania's planning grants. Other mayors have complained that states are distributing funds to rural, urban and suburban areas on a per capita basis, regardless of crime rates.

Naturally then, large cities should find it more to their advantage to press Congress for an expansion of direct federal grants. Federal aid to New York City climbed from $578 million in 1967 to $768 million last year, and passed the $1 billion mark in fiscal 1969. This is the kind of revenue sharing that helps. Federal grants to all metropolitan areas rose from $5.6 billion in 1964 to $16.7 billion scheduled for fiscal 1970, an increase from 55 to 57 percent of total federal grants. In his April budget review, Mr. Nixon noted that federal aid to state and local governments will increase by $3.5 billion in fiscal 1970, of which the urban share is $2.8 billion, a hefty 80 percent.

One of the earlier rationales for revenue sharing was the idea of "fiscal drag." It was predicted that federal receipts would eventually outpace federal spending and produce an annual "fiscal dividend" of some $6 to $7 billion. If left unspent and used to retire the national debt, economic growth would be retarded. The remedy: distribute the dividends among the states.

The dividend never appeared because of Vietnam. Then hopes were revived last December by Charles Schultze, former budget director under President Johnson. Schultze predicted a federal dividend of $8 billion by fiscal 1971 and almost $40 billion by fiscal 1974! Tax reduction will consume some of this dividend and if inflationary pressures dictate a budget surplus for the next few years, say $5 billion a year, this must be deducted from any anticipated dividend. And if inflation subsides, the Administration is apparently committed to a budget surplus as a means of directing investment into mortgage funds, helping relieve the depressed housing market.

Other assumptions by Schultze – a cease-fire in Vietnam early in 1969 (withdrawal completed within twelve months) and a stretch-out and deferral of new weapons systems – are shaky. Vietnam drags on while Schultze has since emphasized that his projections for military spending were on the conservative side. If the Nixon Administration proceeds with the Safeguard ABM system ($11 billion and up), the AMSA manned bomber ($12 billion up), a volunteer army ($4 to $17 billion), and if testing and deployment of MIRVs sparks a new arms race, the prospect for a fiscal dividend disappears again. The peace dividend need not be, in Patrick Moynihan's language, as "evanescent" as the morning haze over Southern California, provided Congress can keep a lid on military spending. In that case,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

funds will be available for home consumption.

Certainly there is no reason to worry about "fiscal drag." Shortly before leaving office, President Johnson received a special cabinet report on post-Vietnam investment possibilities. Full funding of existing domestic programs would cost $6 billion more a year than we're spending. Expansion of existing programs and new programs would run another $40 billion, while "more ambitious, new proposals" (such as negative income tax and guaranteed jobs) push spending even higher.

Studies of the past eight months suggest that these projections may be on the low side. The Budget Bureau recently estimated that an adequate diet for the poor would require an additional $2.9 billion a year. Senator Charles Goodell and others have proposed that the federal government assume the entire cost of welfare, adding $10 to $15 billion to federal spending. The 1970 budget for compensatory education was almost $2 billion below authorized levels and $3 and $4 billion less than recommended by private studies. Mr. Nixon's "commitment to the first five years of life" requires more generous funding for hunger, welfare and education than he has recommended thus far.

Rep. Edward Koch (D, N.Y.) has attracted over a hundred co-sponsors for his mass transit bill, calling for a $10 billion expenditure over the next four years. That's minimum. Federal contributions to the expanded rapid transit system in Washington D.C. alone will run about $1.3 billion; costs of the high-speed trains between Boston and Washington are far higher. Mass transit in New York City and Chicago over the next decade may cost in excess of $4 billion. At the present rate of production Secretary Romney predicts that over the next decade we will fall more than 10 million units short of our 1968 commitment for 26 million housing units. Municipal hospitals are threatening to close because of too lean budgets and the backlog of present needs in hospital modernization stands at more than $10.7 billion. Mr. Nixon acknowledged July 10 that unless federal action is taken within the next two to three years, "we will have a breakdown in our medical care system which could have consequences affecting millions of people throughout this country."

Estimates of what it will take to cleanse the nation's waters over the next five years go as high as $29 billion. The cost of containing air pollution is put at another $16 billion. A recent federal study on thermal pollution estimates at $1.8 billion the effort needed in this area over the next five years.

Instead of dabbling with revenue sharing, Congress should assist state and local governments in a more forthright manner: assume the entire cost of welfare, increase aid to education, and bring grant in aid programs up to authorized levels. This would take the strain off state and city budgets, releasing more funds for problems of a local nature. It is time to commit the funds needed for our undernourished public sector and ignore the siren call of revenue sharing.

Nixon and Vietnam

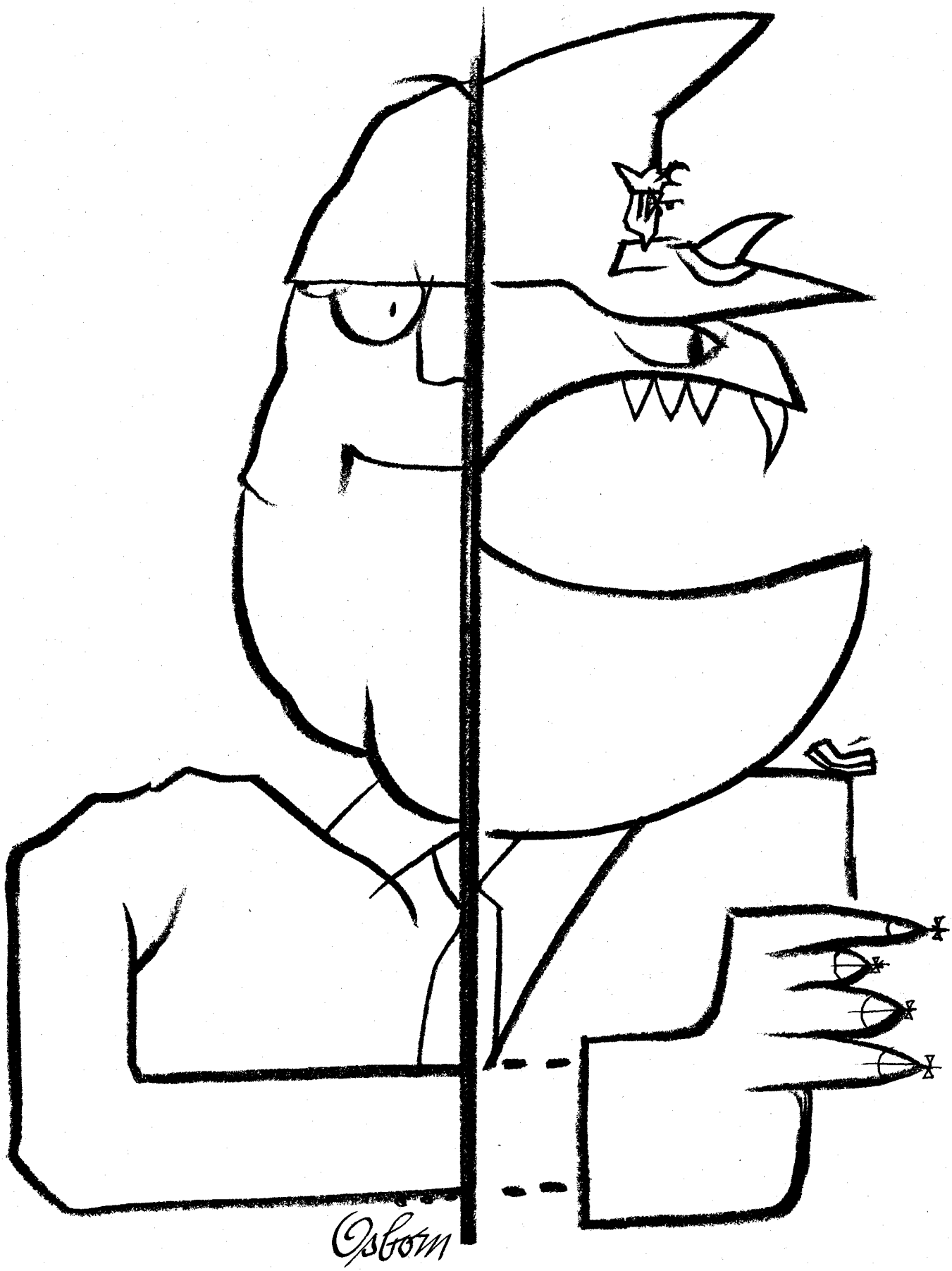
Revolt In the Pentagon?

by Zalin B. Grant

Kabul

Ambassador William Colby, former top CIA man in Vietnam and now pacification chief, once suggested to me that the Vietnam war would not provoke something akin to the French army revolt in Algeria because the one-year combat tour served as a safety valve. A yearly rotation of the officer corps on a business-as-usual basis, *Tet* offensive or whatever be damned, kept the professionals concerned more with promotions and future assignments than the war's outcome. Indeed, a black Che Guevara arising from Vietnam burdens the imagination far less than the possibility of an American General Raoul Salan. It seems inevitable, however, that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the war will trigger a political explosion in the upper stratosphere of the Pentagon.

The explosive elements are there. The senior American officer has suffered from personal pressures as complex and difficult as the war itself. Bound by the tightest civilian control in the history of warfare, derided by antiwar forces as a killer of women and children, hamstrung countless times by orders based solely on political expediency, now he is asked to stand by while America retreats from Vietnam with, as he sees it, North Vietnam certain to march into the vacuum.

The entire military appartus has suffered a heavy blow. Myths that sustain armies in peacetime and bring unquestioned congressional appropriations were destroyed in Vietnam. Take the Marines. The Marine Corps nurtured its elite image as a vital, independent beach-storming force, anachronistic as it may have seemed in the missile age, for nearly 15 years after Korea. Then Vietnam. One easily recalls that March morning in 1965. Landing craft ploughed through heavy surf in driving rain and beached perfectly. The first Marines to hit Vietnam fanned out swiftly on the beach, just as they did in the movies generations of Americans had come to believe in. Then a dozen giggling Vietnamese schoolgirls from nearby Danang sought out the Leathernecks with garlands of yellow dahlias and red gladioli.

It was not to be the Marines' war. They launched no fewer than 20 World War II-type amphibious operations on Vietnam's placid coast during their first year. No amused schoolgirls greeted them as they stormed ashore. Neither did enemy soldiers. The war was fought mainly in jungly inland areas – what madness thought guerrillas would defend beaches? – where Marines found themselves often dangerously ill-equipped and ill-prepared. History probably will record that the Marine Corps assaulted nearly as many beaches in Vietnam as it did in the Pacific in World War II. Little blood was spilled on the beaches. But in the jungles and plains the Marines lost more than 10,000 young Americans killed – half as many as did the Army. This, despite the fact the Marines had only one-fourth as many combat battalions as the Army.

The Army's elite paratroopers were demythicized in the same harsh way. No Guadalcanals for the Marines. No Normandies for the airborne. Nor, with increasingly sophisticated war technology, are there likely ever to be again. When the 101st Airborne was dispatched to Vietnam, the famed paratrooper division was converted into just another helicopter unit. Last year the 101st fought a fierce, sad battle with Army officials who wanted to rename it the 101st Airmobile Division, dropping the word "airborne" and its connotation of paratrooper from the division standard. A compromise retained the "airborne." The 101st's jump wings were further tarnished by its courageous but somehow mindless attack on Hamburger Hill. Damaged airborne prestige has unpleasant implications for the professional army. Until Vietnam, the airborne served a generation as the Army's ultimate symbol of *esprit* and readiness.

The Navy won no great glory for itself either. The idea of the *USS Enterprise*, the world's largest military ship and the first nuclear one to enter combat, catapulting its pilots off to bomb footbridges and fishing junks, to die or dodge flak from guns often manned by young girls, was a poignant absurdity lost on no one.

Young American draftees were able to adapt themselves to the cosmic *Catch-22* nature of a conflict that pitted a massive war machine against elusive guerrillas. Many of them smoked pot, wore peace bangles, scribbled helmet graffiti like *Che Lives!*, and died with unexcelled bravery for a cause practically no one believed in. But senior officers moved through the war mechanically, inflexibly, adhering to incredibly archaic traditions. The military establishment, for instance, did little to arrest traditional interservice rivalries, squabbles that further scarred its image. Certain high-ranking Navy officials boastfully illustrated the Navy's superiority over the Air Force by comparing numbers of pilots shot down over North Vietnam from each of the services.

Verbal guerrilla warfare erupted between the Marines and the Army's 1st Cavalry Division. The Marines' main critic was Lieutenant General Stanley R. "Swede" Larsen, who served a tour as US commander in Two Corps, the area abutting the Marines' five northern provinces. Larsen frequently groused to the press (privately, of course, but such criticism found its way to Marine ears) about the Leathernecks not doing their job, particularly in Quang Ngai province next to the 1st Cav's operational area. Larsen's was not a frivolous complaint, but it didn't enhance the prestige of either unit.

The most spectacular example of the military's self-destructiveness was its clumsy handling of the recent Special Forces scandal in Vietnam. The Pentagon is grimly proceeding to try six elite members for murder of an alleged double agent. For years, the Special Forces has nervously presented itself as the object of a Pentagon conspiracy. The conventional defense hierarchy, goes the Special Forces line, is vindictively resentful of Green Beret success. The Special Forces have been outrageously ballyhooed by movie, book and song. So one could easily understand a Pentagon desire to cut the unit down to size. I suspect, however, alleged resentment aside, that the Green Berets fit more interestingly into a larger conflict confronting the armed forces – that of increased civilian direction of the military at sub-Pentagon levels.

Vietnam was the pilot garden for a new hybrid warrior – the politico-military soldier. A complex war with limited objectives demanded more than the traditional rifleman led by the officer who yelled "follow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me." From the war's earliest days, military officers were assigned to State Department pacification jobs and brought under civilian control. A civilian-military montage called CORDS (Coordinating Office for Revolutionary Development) was finally pasted together in 1967 to streamline the US pacification thrust. In effect, State Department-CIA planners were given grassroots control over an important segment of the military. The pacification chief, assigned ambassadorial rank, became the deputy to the US commanding general in Vietnam – a unique arrangement which is the closest America has ever come to having a political commissar in the Army.

Although more Vietnams are unlikely, future conflicts in the underdeveloped world probably will be handled with a greater emphasis on political rather than military techniques – assuming the US involves itself and atomic weapons are ruled out. The Vietnam experiments may lead to a new kind of politico-military force, which could see various civilian and military agencies smoothly merged. The Special Forces, with its close CIA ties, may be viewed by the Pentagon's disgruntled generals as the paleolithic – one hesitates to say Neanderthal – stage of this evolving politico-military force.

The 5th Special Forces arrived in Vietnam on special CIA assignment in 1961, and for four years worked in close coordination with the Agency. The CIA provided its protégé with excellent supplies and much money, a fact that rankled more conservative elements of the US Army. During the buildup in 1964 and 1965, however, the Green Berets were diluted by new soldiers, less experienced and less enthusiastic than the original contingent had been; predictably, the gilt began to wear off the Green Beret image. Then the 5th Special Forces was reassigned to the same command and supply channels as other American units in Vietnam. It no longer operated as a free-swinging arm of the CIA.

With a big exception: the Studies and Observation Group soon appeared on Saigon military organization charts as a new and independent unit. Commanded by an Army colonel, SOG in reality was a special operations group that continued to work under CIA direction. (The CIA operates under the unlikely *nom de guerre* of Combined Area Studies, or simply CAS – rhymes with mass.) The SOG agents mainly were Green Berets based on Okinawa and sent to Vietnam on temporary duty under civilian cover. Their job was to mount intelligence operations, train saboteurs for insertion into North Vietnam and run border-crossing operations in Laos and Cambodia. One example of a CAS-SOG operation was the formation of counterfeit VC guerrilla units. SOG recruited and reindoctrinated Communist defectors who had joined the South Vietnam government side. The ex-enemy soldiers were outfitted with VC and NVA gear and sent into contested areas to pose as political cadre, where they frequently kidnapped or killed village leaders. The Vietcong, of course, took the blame with the local peasants. During Saigon street fighting last year, one such counterfeit unit infiltrated among tired enemy soldiers and convinced them to surrender.

SOG's most noticeable activities were its border-crossing operations. To monitor and harass the Ho Chi Minh trail, SOG established its own highly restricted compounds within 5th Special Forces camps near the borders of Laos and Cambodia. Small patrols of American SOG agents and Chinese Nung mercenaries were landed in Laos by unmarked Vietnamese helicopters whose pilots – the only Vietnamese involved – reportedly were handpicked by then Premier Nguyen Cao Ky. SOG suffered heavy casualties. North Vietnamese observation posts often spotted the Americans as they infiltrated Laos.

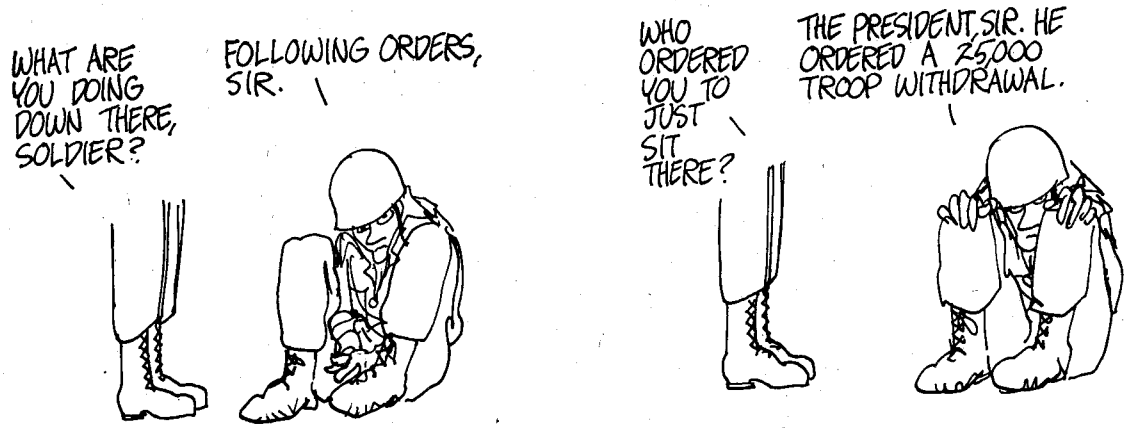
In November 1966 I flew with a Forward Air Controller pilot from Khe Sanh on an off-the-record mission over Laos. In those days Khe Sanh was a base for SOG agents, a 5th Special Forces A-team, FAC pilots who flew over Laos and the DMZ, and a Marine battalion. We monitored the radio conversations between a SOG unit under attack in Laos by a large North Vietnamese force and another FAC, who requested American jet air support for the embattled unit. Calmly, the SOG patrol reported the hopelessness of their position; napalm was called in on them. (Later, *New Yorker* Correspondent Robert Shaplen told me he had seen a chopper land at Khe Sanh about that time with a heavily wounded American. So some of the SOG operatives may have escaped.)

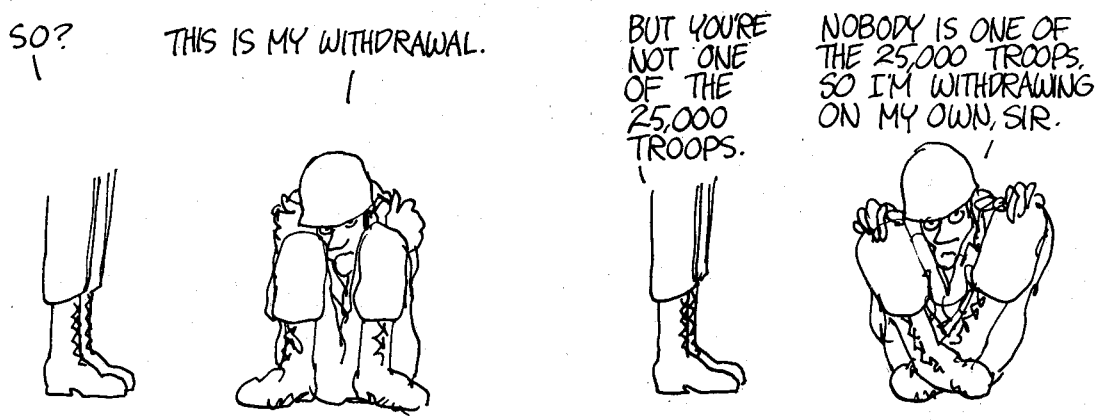
SOG has more enemies than just the North Vietnamese. The Vietnam-based 5th Special Forces griped that they, not the pseudo-civilian spooks from Okinawa, should do the SOG job. Finally, SOG was assimilated into the regular 5th Green Berets, and presumably CIA influence over the unit was diminished. If CIA-Green Beret ties have been loosened, the Special Forces episode becomes even more intriguing. Why would the military command risk yet another blot on its public image to air the affair? Whatever its causes, the Special Forces scandal is another symptom of the cankerous troubles that now plague the military.

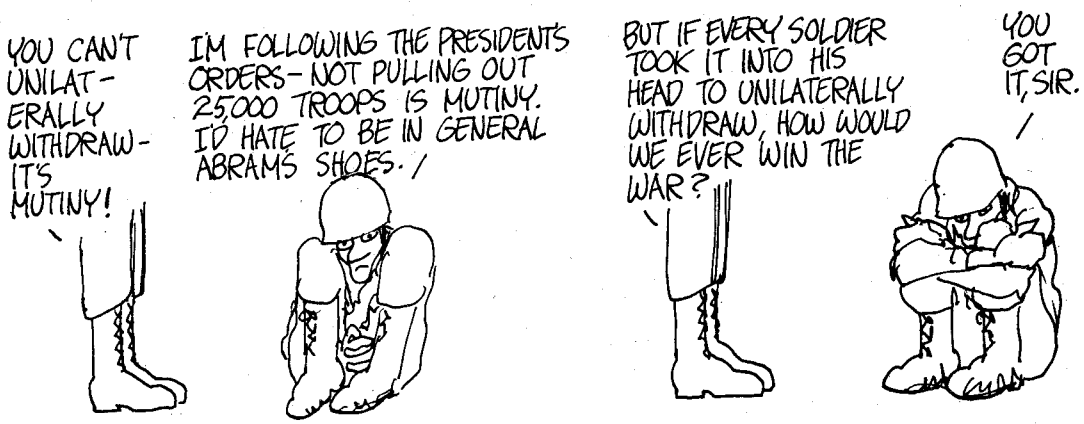
The military's troubles are Mr. Nixon's troubles. He still hopes, of course, to find a middle way to disengage from Vietnam without causing an ugly dispute with his generals. His prospects of doing so are slim. Perhaps it was the silt of West Point, accumulated for generations in the narrow channels of military instruction, that blocked critical areas of reasoning in America's best generals. But the point is, the thinking of high-ranking officers remains closed to the realities of Vietnam and America. For better or worse, Mr. Nixon probably will have to brave the political fallout caused by protest resignations in the Pentagon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER


WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE, SOLDIER?
FOLLOWING ORDERS, SIR.
WHO ORDERED YOU TO JUST SIT THERE?
THE PRESIDENT, SIR. HE ORDERED A 25,000 TROOP WITHDRAWAL.


SO?
THIS IS MY WITHDRAWAL.
BUT YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE 25,000 TROOPS.
NOBODY IS ONE OF THE 25,000 TROOPS, SO I'M WITHDRAWING ON MY OWN, SIR.


YOU CAN'T UNILAT-ERALLY WITHDRAW-IT'S MUTINY!
I'M FOLLOWING THE PRESIDENT'S ORDERS-NOT PULLING OUT 25,000 TROOPS IS MUTINY. I'D HATE TO BE IN GENERAL ABRAMS SHOES.
BUT IF EVERY SOLDIER TOOK IT INTO HIS HEAD TO UNILATERALLY WITHDRAW, HOW WOULD WE EVER WIN THE WAR?
YOU GOT IT, SIR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Running Away From Myself by Barbara Deming

(Grossman; $6.95)

Barbara Deming is known, though not well enough, as a figure in the civil-rights and antiwar movement, the author of *Prison Notes*, a singularly moving account of the month she spent in a Georgia jail in 1964. Less known is the fact that Miss Deming was film analyst for the Library of Congress from 1942 through 1944 and published articles about film in several journals. In 1950 she wrote a book about the films of the 40s which she could not get published then, and when I heard that it was to appear at last, I looked forward to it. I'm sad to report that it's a disappointment.

The subtitle is "A Dream Portrait of America Drawn from the Films of the 40's." (The "myself" in the main title is not Miss Deming; the line is from one of the films.) She has grouped a number of American pictures of the decade by theme – success, toughness, nihilism, and others – to highlight some aspects of US society of the time and the psychical states beneath them. She rightly points out that the films did not often treat these matters consciously but that they inevitably mirrored them. And she makes appositions that strike glints of light, not always fresh twenty years after the event but still true: the 40s did indeed provide a lot of film heroes who saw nothing to strive for; or who strove for success and found it empty; or who saw life as a question of survival amidst the ruins of idealism, including idealism about women.

But the first drawback in her book is its method. The bulk of it is an inventory of minutely detailed plot synopses. Some of them run seven or eight pages. A "simplified version" of *Murder, My Sweet* runs five pages. And the whole book is only 202 text pages. Miss Deming expresses admiration for Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler*; she might have emulated the way he handles the necessary but troublesome matter of synopses in order to make his points. Even more deft is the method in *Movies: A Psychological Study* by Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, which, coincidentally, was published in 1950 and deals mainly with 40s films.

Apart from this editorial matter, important as it is, the fruit of all the laboriousness is insufficient. One gets the feeling of plodding through swamps of plot to reach very small patches of overview. Miss Deming says she has deliberately refrained from interpretation, she wants to let the "dream portrait" paint itself without "special reading." But what was her function then? Aggrandized stenography? If Kracauer is "brilliant," does she deplore his special readings?

Such interpretation as she does offer sometimes lacks context and depth. Like so many works of this kind, the book is not really a study of films but of film scripts. I counted three references to the experience of seeing these films on a screen, their natural habitat, where their dream-making powers reside. It's this limitation that makes her skimp badly the influence of Humphrey Bogart when she juxtaposes such films as *Casablanca* and *Passage to Marseilles* or *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Big Sleep*. The material was presumably picked for this star, not the other way round, and Bogart's *persona* is more a part of what Miss Deming is discussing than those dozens of tiny plot details. Even as literary investigation, her work falters. She makes an extensive comparison of the scripts of *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice* without mentioning that both derive from novels by James M. Cain, whose success in that decade is also part of her thesis.

Miss Deming was ill-advised, I think, to publish this 19-year-old manuscript with only a five-page foreword to link it to the present and without taking into account what has been written about these films, paricularly from her viewpoint. Those interested in psychological studies of the period will get more from Wolfenstein and Leites, who also treat British and French films of the time.

But Miss Deming's book underscores a recent and significant change. She reminds us that American films usually reflected the truth of American lives without intending to, that films manufactured as commercial entertainments were inescapably the products of contemporary psyches. Within the last two years, there has been a considerable shift: many American films have quite consciously come to grips with social phenomena and with psychical states. (I'm speaking of a change in well-budgeted theatrical films. Underground films have always tried to treat those matters; one of their reasons for existence was to compensate for the lack of such honest encounter in aboveground films.) This is not to say that psychical substructure has disappeared from these new films, but much that used to be implied or that only seeped into films because it couldn't be kept out, is now there by explicit design.

The press has been filled lately with accounts of the arrival of the New American Film. Several writers now give the cause of the change as the appearance of *The Graduate*. When I said in late 1967 and again in early 1968 that *The Graduate* was "a milestone in American film history," the remark was greeted with some hoots. I raise this matter now not (or not only!) to show my acuteness but to emphasize how quickly the flood has burst, as if it had been straining at a dam that suddenly gave way. Obviously some of these films were in the works before *The Graduate* appeared and obviously some "personal" films were made in this country before then, but there is now a strong new direction of which the Mike Nichols picture was the first visible marker, which is what "milestone" means. Let's define a "personal" film (yet again) as one made primarily because the maker wants to make it, not as a contract job: analogous – as far as the conditions of the medium permit – with a poet's writing a poem or a sculptor's making a sculpture. In most of these films the subject is some aspect of American society or some experience of the film-maker's that he wants to investigate and correlate with the world. In more of these films than is usual, the director wrote or collaborated on the script.

Here are some of those films, with brief comments on the ones I have not previously reviewed: *Greetings; Goodbye, Columbus; Last Summer; Easy Rider; The Wild Bunch; Putney Swope;* and *Medium Cool. The Learning Tree,* written and directed and scored by Gordon Parks, is trite and sentimental, with syrupy music, and is photographed through assorted fruit juices,

(Continued on page 33)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roger Starr: From Lourdes to Levittown

Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village by Ronald Blythe

(Pantheon; $6.95)

Coming to America at a time when every journeyman newscaster knows precisely what "the Black Community" is thinking, or the "Local Community" wants, *Akenfield* is something of a shocker. The distance between this book and contemporary American jargon about Community Control and Community Organization is vast, roughly proportional, perhaps, to the difference between an ornithological description of a scarlet tanager, and the experience of cupping the bird in hand, feeling his tremulous heart beat and sensing that whatever occurs in his tiny brainpan is forever private to him. The community, one learns from *Akenfield*, remains wild, mysterious, glorious, petty, and finally beyond reach.

Ronald Blythe, a novelist (*A Treasonable Growth*), short story writer and critic, lives in East Anglia, on the Suffolk-Essex coast of England, north of the Thames Estuary, facing east across the North Sea. This flat section of Britain furnished with its broad shallow streams, shade trees, old villages and Norman churches, suggests peace and fertility, the tranquility of Constable's rustic paintings. *Akenfield*, a real East Anglia farming village of about 300 inhabitants and 1,400 acres, has been given its fictitious name by Blythe, for whom the village sits for what amounts to a self-portrait so artfully drawn by the writer that it appears artless. Mr. Blythe trundles in none of the paraphernalia of the trained sociological investigator, few numbers and no portentous conclusions; his book consists simply of verbatim reports by the Akenfielders.

Akenfield's main work is farming, as it has been for hundreds of years, but the farming has experienced a greater revolutionary change in the lifetime of its now forty-year-old inhabitants than in all the previous centuries. Instead of natural grazing for milch cattle and legumes for stock feeding, the 1,400 acres of Akenfield now produce wheat and barley, garden vegetables, fruits and sugar beet. Factory production of chickens who are never permitted to touch the ground has raised the poultry crop from 3,000 birds a year to 24,000; pork production has doubled; beef production increased sevenfold. In less than a generation, the villagers have been lifted from a condition that, astonishingly, resembled medieval serfdom, and been dropped down in a wholly different setting, from Lourdes to Levittown in a weekend. The contrast is formidable – a glorious release from bondage and an unsettling rupture of the value system which rigidly defined the lives of Akenfielders, men and women alike.

Urban folk who have been suckled on the notion that it is the city civilization of the 20th century which dehumanized man, will get a jolt from the recollections of older Akenfielders of their youth on the farms of the village before World War I. (The years before World War II were scarcely better.) The field workers – even the highly skilled among them – were scarcely recognized by their employers as members of the human species. "People were strict," says one of the older Akenfielders, a veteran of the Gallipoli campaign, "parents were strict. All the village children thought of was how to get away, how to get on." When the speaker caught his hand in the "cattle cake" machine, cutting off the ends of his fingers, the doctor shouted at him for being a nuisance and a stupid little fool. "Nobody used pity then," he tells us, "and especially not to children and particularly not to boys." The Army offered the farm boys their one certain escape. "At the barracks," one narrator says, "we kissed the Bible and were given a shilling. The recruiting sergeant said, 'You can't go home in all this rain, you can sleep in a bed in the recruiting room.' In the morning, he said, 'Go home and say goodbye, and here's ten shillings each [more than a week's wage for a farm hand] for your food and fares. Report back on Monday.' . . . I put on nearly a stone in weight . . . They said it was the food but it was really because for the first time in my life there had been no strenuous work. . . . Village people in Suffolk in my day were worked to death. It literally happened." The military establishment, with its donkey generals, was more humane than one's village neighbors.

Even more shattering to one's notion of country peace than the tyranny of poverty is the vivid picture by one of the Akenfield informants of what it was like as recently as the wartime 40s to work as a young gardener on *Akenfield's* one stately home. The gardeners had to exercise extreme care always to tuck themselves behind hedges or earthbanks if they heard Lordship or Ladyship coming. *Invisibility* was the watchword; it was against the rules of the house for any of the garden staff ever to be seen by his employer. "If you were seen," the ex-gardener tells us, "you were always told about it, and warned, and as you walked away Ladyship would call after you, 'Swing your arms!' It was terrible. You felt like somebody with a disease. . . . If a maid was in a passage and Lordship or Ladyship happened to come along, she would have to face the wall and stand perfectly still until they had passed." One can scarcely imagine a more intensely Kafkaesque picture of alienation; but the stage is set in a small English village among people who have "known" each other for generations, not in the endless corridors of an unfamiliar, undefined governmental ministry. In present-day *Akenfield*, the factory animals – chickens and pigs – are raised with the same impersonality. "We can no longer afford to let animals roam on fields as valuable as this," the local vet tells us. "They have to be locked up. They will never eat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The $5,000 Kentucky Fellowship

The University Press of Kentucky is pleased to announce The Kentucky Fellowship, a $5,000 grant for the best scholarly work in progress on any aspect of ecology or conservation.

The competition will run from November 1969 through October 1970. It will be open to any environmental scientist, humanist, or social scientist writing or researching a book-length study. Entrants may submit a manuscript or a detailed prospectus. For an application form and full details, write to The Director, The University Press of Kentucky. The panel of judges consists of

LEONARD CARMICHAEL, The National Geographic Society

LOREN EISELEY, The University of Pennsylvania

EDWARD WEEKS, The Atlantic Monthly Press

MARSTON BATES, The University of Michigan

ELVIS STAHR, The National Audubon Society

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON 40506

The University Press of Kentucky has been formed by the cooperative efforts of nine public and private colleges and universities. Successor to the University of Kentucky Press, it will have substantially expanded publishing facilities, and will enlarge its editorial interests with a vigorous acquisitions program in several disciplines. It welcomes inquiries from scholars about its facilities and publishing programs.

another blade of living grass. It is unprofitable. But they will have a ventilator to every pen and thermostatic heat control, sawdust floors, and automatic feeding and watering. Hotel conditions. . . . There is only one man I know who has managed to carry the personal touch into the animal factory. . . ."

The 1939-45 war and its aftermath brought on the mechanization and high technology and wholly changed the farming life of *Akenfield*. As the veterinary suggests, the current agriculturalist-farmer or farm worker has no interest in the personality of his animals; he becomes interested, if at all, in the process and in the tractors, the cultivators, the harvesters. In some of these young men, a sense of the seasonal tides of life remains; the national government seeks to foster this attachment by specialized education. Men can study agriculture in the day-release agricultural training center, and some deepen their interest in farming as a result, but for many the farm machine itself becomes the supreme interest, and they find they can earn more money working on other machines in the nearest industrial town, or going off as construction workers. For them *Akenfield* has become the bedroom suburb.

Agricultural prosperity has brought with it an unexpected consequence: although class roles have become softened, it has become harder for the farm worker to become an independent owner. The farmer needs not only land, but expensive machinery as well. Many of the most successful local farmers are not originally *Akenfield* men; the Scots came down in the period before the last war, and have prospered. Their children, born to proprietorship, leave for Australia and New Zealand. Into the village move a few stragglers from London, come to seek rural peace and to rebuild old houses with modern conveniences and mock-ancient hardware, some of it fabricated by *Akenfield's* outstanding artisan, a blacksmith whose work is treasured far beyond the village limits.

With its acceptance of the power of central government, *Akenfield* lacks the home rule characteristic of an American village of the same size: a lone magistrate gives us some sense of the complexity of the criminal law in such an intimate jurisdiction at a time of rapid social change. The feeling of community – whatever it may be – accounts for very little in the behavior of the villagers. One senses that the main pulls on their lives – even in so cloistered a setting, originate far off. What makes them what they are? What is their future? The life-likeness of the book leaves the questions far beyond the range of facile answers.

To A Young Man Who Has Suddenly Stopped His Car

Surveys his Yankee know-how drip-dropping a
Black moon by the curbstone.
The trash cans parade like debutantes,
The asphalt grins of grease.
He plunges with éclat beneath the grille
And from its hot, iron, crop
Brings up something, haunted, on his finger.
Sniffs. Touches it to his tongue.
The flavor is American.

You see, my countrymen, we park in as many
Streets as there are stars in the sky.
All over Asia fall the defecations
Of our engines.
And whoever licks the bottom of his car
Bears the curse of burning rubber,
Tastes from beneath his whitewalls
His own sons.

In the sand and gravel of the curbless nations
The spots are children.

STANLEY KIESEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be nice to our computer

And he'll let you buy any book in print. For up to 81% below bookstore prices. No exceptions. And no fooling.

After all, he's been doing it since April 7, 1968. The day 100 booklovers discovered a wonderful new way to buy books. At HUGE DISCOUNTS. By using a computer.

Nothing "sneaky", you understand. We just programmed those 100 booklovers into our IBM-S/360 computer. Connected that to our new *Computer Control Network*. And connected *that* to just about every publisher in the continental United States. Electronically.

So when someone wanted a book, he didn't have to go to a bookstore. Or join a book club. Or borrow it from the library. We just punched a button. And got it for him straight from the publisher. Direct. Bypassing the wholesaler. Bypassing the jobber. Bypassing the distributor. Bypassing even the retail bookstore. In fact we bypassed virtually every middleman (and markup) in the entire book distribution chain.

Which made those 100 booklovers very happy. Because they saved a lot of money. Up to 81% on every book they bought. UP TO 81% ON EVERY BOOK IN PRINT. Fiction as well as non-fiction. Hard cover as well as paperback. Best sellers as well as classics. Even reference works, encyclopedias, college texts and professional books. No exceptions.

How much can you save?

Here are some typical orders, selected at random and processed by our Computer during the week of April 14 to April 20.

Title	Price List	Price Card
GLOSSARY OF THE CONSTRUCTION, DESIGN & USE OF ARMS & ARMOR, Stone. (Brussel)	$ 50.00	$ 9.95
PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, Philip Roth. (Random House)	6.95	4.89
BIRDS OF PREY OF THE WORLD, Grossman & Jamiet. (Bonanza)	25.00	9.93
JAMES BEARD OUTDOOR COOKBOOK, Beard. (Ridge Press)	12.50	5.89
MYRA BRECKENRIDGE, Gore Vidal (Little, Brown)	5.95	2.95
THE ANTI-SEX, Masters & Lea	8.50	3.89
A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY, John Le Carré	6.95	4.89
THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA, 6 Vols. (Putnam)	30.00	7.89
LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH (Prometheus)	17.50	9.89
COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN. Zubin Mehta, others. 21 stereo LP records. Boxed. With analysis and program notes.	100.00	19.89
THE RICH & THE SUPER RICH, Lundberg. (Stuart)	15.00	8.79
HANDWRITING ANALYSIS, Bunker. (Nelson-Hall)	10.00	2.49
DICTIONARY OF APHRODISIACS, Wedeck. (Philosophical Library)	10.00	5.89
COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS OF BEETHOVEN. Fine Arts Quartet. 9 stereo LP records. Boxed.	40.00	9.79
COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF YOGA, Vishnudaveneda. (Bell)	10.00	2.49
THE MONEY GAME, **"Adam Smith"** (Random House)	6.95	4.89
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MAGIC & THE SUPERNATURAL, Bessey. (Sprint)	10.00	5.89

Wasn't that splendid? The 100 booklovers thought it was. And told some friends. Who told some more friends. Who told even more friends. Until just 13 months later there are now – not 100 – but more than 100,000 booklovers buying books this sensible new way. At HUGE DISCOUNTS. By computer.

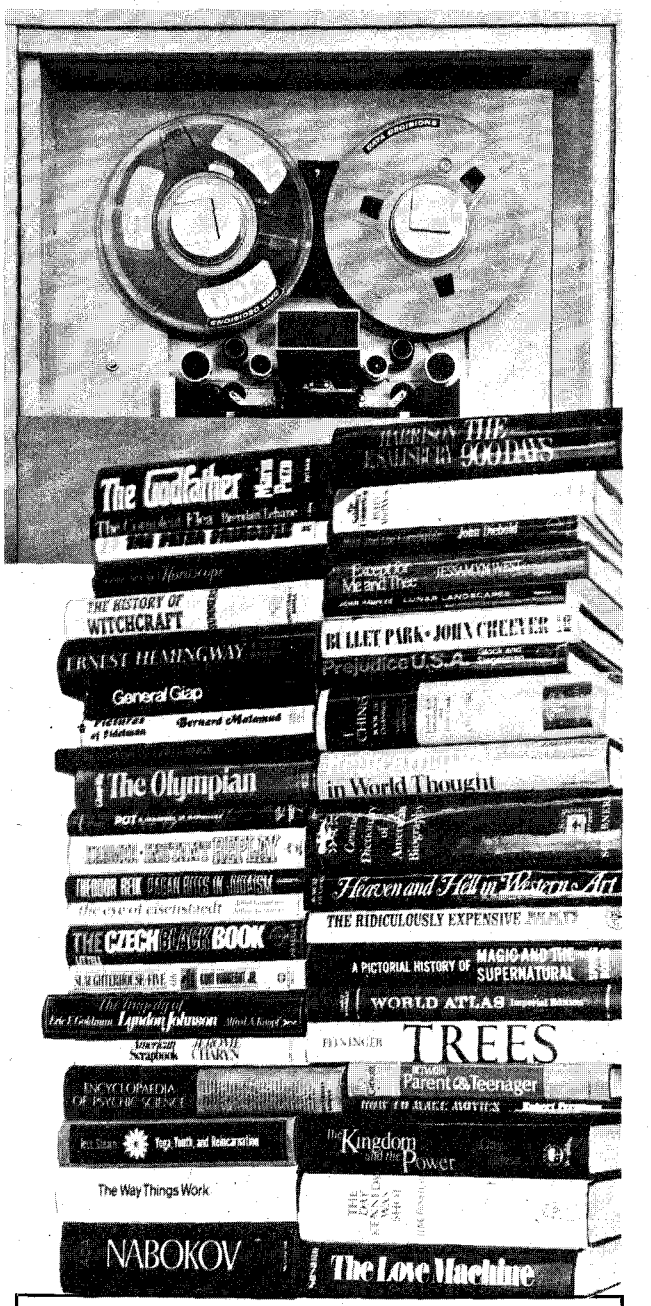
Don't you think it's time you joined them? You don't have to be a "friend" of anyone's. You just have to have $5. That's your Registration Fee. We don't pocket it. It goes to defray the (considerable) cost of programming your name and order number into our Computer Control Network. Which can store over 1½ BILLION characters of information. And process book orders at a rate of TWO MILLION CHARACTERS PER MINUTE. So it's worth it. Especially since it's a "one-time" fee. *Which means there are no other charges for the rest of your life.* And no need to renew, ever. Once paid, you can keep on ordering books at discounts up to 81%—for life.

Just mail the Application Form below. But don't let the word "application" scare you. Mailing the form doesn't "get you into anything". Read it and you'll see there are absolutely NO obligations. NO strings. NO commitments to buy a certain number of books. Or any books at all. Unless you want to. And there will be positively NO "surprise" books arriving at your door with a bill simply because you forgot to return an annoying monthly card. (There *aren't* any cards to return.)

Convinced? Even if you aren't—why not mail the form anyway? See what it's all about. *You can always get your money back if you change your mind.* No questions asked. Just let us know within 10 days. Back will come your $5 Registration Fee. And off will come your name from our computer tapes. Mail the form today—and never pay full price for any book again.

FREE WITH PROGRAMMING

350-page Master Catalog of American Books. Invaluable reference work, indexed by subject, author, title and publisher. Lists full 20,000 books in print at guaranteed discounts up to 81%. All categories included: hardcover and paperback, fiction and non-fiction, best sellers and classics, even multi-volume reference works, encyclopedias and college texts. Never pay full price for any book, under any circumstances. Catalog remains yours free even if you later cancel and request a full refund.



Order British books by Computer Too

You are also entitled to receive the Master Catalog of British Books and . . . if you wish . . . order any and all British books in print by computer, as well as obtain book quotations and initiate bibliographic searches for research and scholarly purposes, for a slight additional service fee.

COMPUTER BOOKBUYING APPLICATION FORM

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

Mail to:
Computer Bookbuying, American Book Club, Hazleton, Pa. 18201

Please program my name into your Computer Bookbuying service. And send 350-page Master Catalog of American Books free of extra charge. I understand I am not obligated to buy anything. Ever. But I am entitled to order any books in print at discounts up to 81%, plus shipping. Enclosed is my one-time Registration Fee of $5 to defray computer programming. *There are no other charges for the rest of my life.* If not satisfied (for any reason) I need only let you know within 10 days to receive a full refund of my Registration Fee. (Master Catalog of American Books will be mine to keep free whether I decide to request a refund or not.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

_____ Initial *here. I am not* a book dealer, and will not resell books purchased through this service at a higher price.

132B

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEN AND EVENTS...

...in world and national affairs.

ADLAI STEVENSON:
Patrician Among the Politicians
by BERT COCHRAN. "Penetrating ... it sets Stevenson against his times and measures him against the prevailing political climate. The book is, indeed, as much a history of postwar politics as it is biography." – John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate.*

"A searching biography that sets Stevenson in his true historic context, analyzing the elements which determined his failures and his triumphs." – Alden Whitman, *The New York Times.* $10.00

BRING FORTH THE MIGHTY MEN:
On Violence and the Jewish Character
by HOWARD SINGER. A challenging and controversial view of the effect of the Six Day War on American Jews. A rabbi turns war correspondent to analyze Israel's nationhood, U.S. attitudes, and the implications for Jews everywhere. $6.95

SWORDS AND SYMBOLS:
The Technique of Sovereignty
by JAMES MARSHALL. "A quite unusual book... few others written in this century on the great themes of political philosophy possess its combination of traits: honesty without intemperance, erudition joined to concision, an unrelenting realism about politics... (and) moral compassion." – Professor Chas. Frankel, Columbia Univ. $8.95. Also in paper, $2.95

THE FIGHT AGAINST HUNGER
by CHARLES MORROW WILSON. Food – and the lack of food – will probably determine the fate of our planet in the next century. An outstanding authority views the global struggle against hunger in its social, political and moral aspects. $6.95

THE POLITICS OF PARANOIA
by FRANK GETLEIN. The American political scene – observed irreverently and incisively by the gifted columnist of the Washington *Star.* This collection of columns touches on Messrs. Nixon, Nader, Reagan, and many others. $5.95

Funk & Wagnalls
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
A Division of Reader's Digest Books, Inc.

Phillip Whitten: Willie Mays, the Exception

The Revolt of the Black Athlete by Harry Edwards

(The Free Press; $5.95)

It is almost an article of faith that athletics is one arena in which blacks are judged solely on the basis of ability. But underneath, discontent has long been smoldering and finally exploded into rebellion in 1968 with the black Olympic boycott and the revolt of black athletes on dozens of college campuses. The architect of the rebellion was Harry Edwards, formerly an assistant professor at San Jose State College and currently a lecturer and graduate fellow at Cornell University. His book explains why he organized the Olympic boycott and why black athletes are sore.

Edwards views what is happening as a legitimate phase of the movement for black liberation – as legitimate as "sit-ins, the freedom rides, or any other manifestation of Afro-American efforts to gain freedom." "The black athlete," he writes, "is reacting . . . to the disparities between the heady artificial world of newspaper clippings, photographers, and screaming spectators and the real world of degradation, humiliation, and horror that confronts the overwhelming majority of Afro-Americans. . . . With struggles being waged by black people in the areas of education, housing, employment, it was only a matter of time before Afro-American athletes, too, shed their fantasies and delusions and asserted their manhood, faced the facts of their existence. The revolt was as inevitable as the rising of the sun."

Edwards constructs a powerful case to support his contention that the black athlete is typically exploited, abused, dehumanized, and cast aside "in much the same manner as a worn basketball"; that he is first, foremost, and sometimes only, a commodity. The exploitation begins when prospective athletes are enticed to colleges with promises that are never fulfilled, nor are meant to be. A report, not yet released, documents examples of this practice at San Jose State College, Edwards' *alma mater.* At San Francisco State, Euarl Smothers, an all-state high school football player from Texas, was reportedly promised a football scholarship by the head football coach despite the fact that the school does not now and has never awarded athletic scholarships of any kind.

Once in school, black athletes are herded into "Mickey Mouse" courses by the coaching staffs who often counsel them on academic matters. "At one large California school," writes Edwards, "a black athlete merely had to pass out the basketballs for a coach who taught two 'techniques of teaching' athletics courses to get 4 units of credit toward the 12 he needed to maintain his athletic eligibility. None of the four units counted towards his degree requirements." As a consequence of this kind of counselling, relatively few black athletes graduate from college within the four-year period of their athletic eligibility. Lacking sufficient funds after their eligibility has expired, many never get their degrees. Between 1957 and 1967 only 35 percent of black football players graduated from the University of Washington; in the last three years only 54 percent at the University of Oregon – and these statistics are quite typical.

Further humiliations are encountered by the black athlete: fraternities and sororities are off-limits to him; if he is seen dating a white girl he runs the risk of losing his grant; his coach cannot find him a respectable summer job; he can only find inferior housing, far from the campus, for inflated prices.

If he is skillful enough, though, he will be able to turn professional, where, by and large, he will be beset by the same humiliations and degradations. He will be paid a fraction of the salary paid to a white athlete of similar ability (there are exceptions, such as Wilt Chamberlain, Lew Alcindor, Willie Mays, and O. J. Simpson). He will, most likely, be excluded from increas-

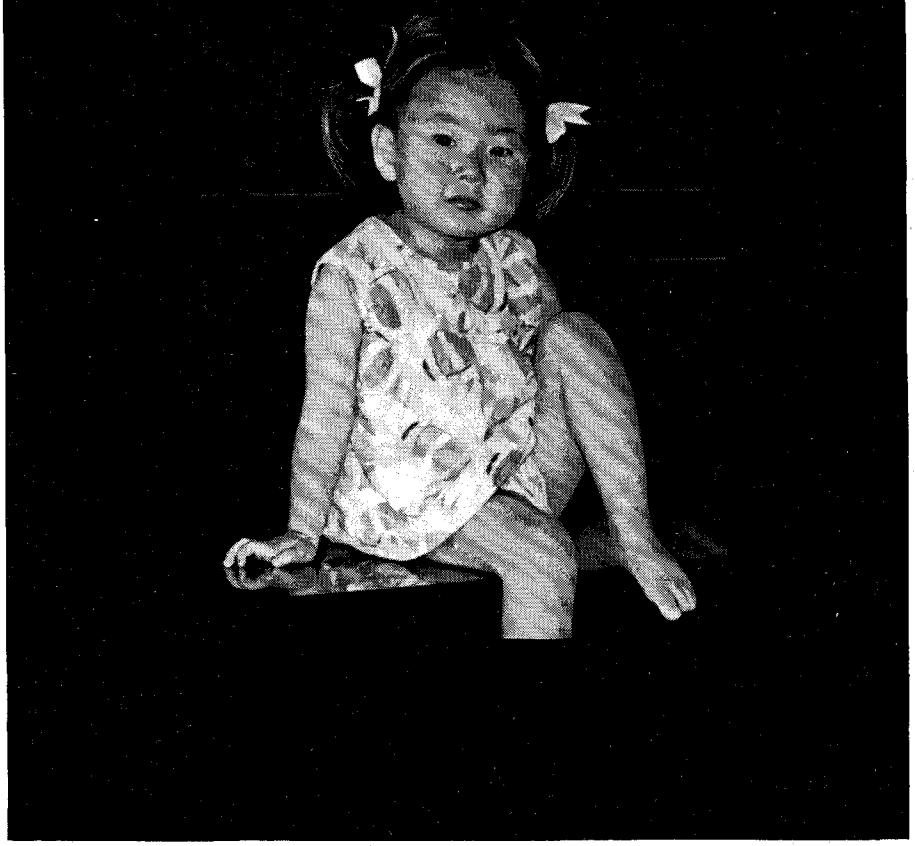
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing his income by endorsing commercial products. As one black basketball player put it, "You would think that we would at least be able to endorse toothpaste. We are supposedly famous for those shining 32's." He is discriminated against where speaking engagements are involved; he must struggle to find decent living accommodations; when he retires he will not become a coach or manager as will his white counterpart. And through all the ignominy, he is expected to turn the other cheek and to speak deferentially.

What about the black Olympic champion – the man who reaches the pinnacle in sport? After all the cheering, his lot, says Edwards, will not be any different from that of other Afro-Americans. Stop watches, for him, do just that – they stop. The black Olympic hero does not become a congressman like Bob Mathias, or a corporation executive like Bob Richards, or even a member of the US Olympic Committee. Muhammad Ali was unjustly stripped of his title for refusing entry into the Armed Forces on religious grounds; even Jesse Owens was kicked out of amateur athletics for life after he refused to run a ninth consecutive race and expressed a desire to return home after the 1936 Olympics. To white society, argues Edwards, "the only difference between the black man shining shoes in the ghetto and the champion black sprinter is the shoe shine man is a nigger, while the sprinter is a fast nigger."

Harry Edwards is not a "good Negro." His voice is often shrill and at times he gets carried away with his own rhetoric. But he in no way resembles the demagogue some columnists have made him out to be. A quiet and reflective man, he vividly recalls his childhood in East St. Louis where he was abandoned by his mother when he was eight and where he became the first boy from his area to graduate from high school. He is not, as he warns the reader in the preface to his book, "some sideline journalist," but rather "a man who himself was victimized by the American athletic structure, who helped plan, direct, and implement the revolt, and who intends to continue the fight until the goals of that revolt have been achieved." As a consequence the book suffers from some of the defects common to generals writing their memoirs. For example, he reprints a press release of the Olympic Committee for Human

Kim will never be a Foster Child the way her mother was.



In 1951, when Kim's mother, Chung Hae Ja, was an eight-year-old North Korean fatherless refugee, life was bleak. When her mother died, Hae Ja was cared for by cousins. And Foster Parents Plan.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Stephen Kaufman saw an ad like this and wrote for a Foster Child. Through Mrs. Kaufman's regular monthly donations, Hae Ja had the opportunity to get an education. She had medical attention when she needed it. And shoes and pencils and a warm coat.

Hae Ja also had a love of music, and because she was a Foster Child she was able to pursue that interest. Today, as Mrs. Kim Hae Ja, she earns $148 a month as a piano teacher and is buying her own piano on installments.

At Foster Parents Plan we like to tell stories like these to people who say "Sure, I'll become a Foster Parent. But what good will it really do?"

Take a close look at little Kim, and you'll see what good Foster Parents Plan can do.

If you want to build a better world, do you know a better way than by sending in this coupon today?

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Hong Kong, Korea, the Philippines, and South Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex _____, age _____, nationality _____. _____ I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. _____ I enclose herewith my first payment $_____.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.

NR-10-69

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philip Evergood

American Tragedy

1937

South of Chicago, the black chimneys of the steel mills
are soiling the sky. Their walls are red. No one is near them.
But there is action aplenty. A corps of policemen
armed with night-sticks and guns
are beating the fleeing citizens.

The night-sticks are raised and fall with equal pity
on men and women, fair skinned and dark.
They rain on the shirt-sleeved men and the women in summer dresses.
A man falls backward, his chin thrown up by a fist.
An Italian clutches his chest where a bullet has found him.

Those who can are running away.
A black man lies on his face, blood falls from his mouth.
He holds in his hand the flag of the land of the free.
None shall escape, the policemen work hard.
They are shooting the blonde woman in the pink dress

While she, her hands empty, held high, runs from
that blue army. In the center a man holds back the police with his hand
his army is around the Mexican woman in green.
Her fist is clenched, she holds a stick as weapon.
She is pregnant. A club hangs over this man's head.

The red of the wall of the mill colors the scene.
It drips from the brow of the man who has lost his straw hat
from the mouth of the black man, from the chest of the other.
It will break from the heads of the red-headed man
And the woman in green. Puddles, bright as blood
Or the melting pots of the mills, color the streets of the city.

ANN STANFORD

Business Acquaintances

They intimately know just how our fortune lies
And share the murmured code of mutual enterprise,
So when we meet at parties, like lovers out of bed,
We blush to know that nothing real is being said.

JOHN UPDIKE

Rights, (OCHR) of which he was chairman, which strongly opposed the participation of South Africa in the 1968 Games. "As a result," he writes, "South Africa was banned from the Olympic community. . . ." It is probable that the threatened withdrawal of more than 30 nations from the Olympics weighed somewhat more heavily in the minds of those who ultimately decided to ban South Africa.

The Revolt of the Black Athlete recounts the history of the Afro-American in sport – from 1916 and Binga "Long Way" Dismond (who, according to Charley Paddock, the Caucasian sprint champion of the time, "could beat any man alive at 440 yards . . . but was required to run on the outside of the pack, all the way around, so as to avoid physical contact with any white") to the present. It lists and compares the number of black record and title holders (several hundred) to the number of black owners, managers, and head coaches (two). Edwards discusses the revolt of the black athletes on almost 40 college campuses, the $125,000 bribe offered him, Hubert Humphrey's attempt to gain the support of black athletes, and the history of the Olympic boycott movement from its humble inception to that dramatic moment on the victory stand in Mexico City when Tommie Smith and John Carlos bowed their heads in remembrance of the fallen black warriors in this nation and thrust black-gloved fists into the air symbolizing the power and unity of black America.

The story Mr. Edwards has to tell will be remarkably familiar to most black athletes and to perceptive white athletes. But for many, Edwards' accusations will come as a surprise. For politicians, coaches and athletic directors, it is invaluable, if only because it documents the dehumanizing racialism that pervades even the playing field and locker room. The sports establishment in America will not like it. But Edwards' accusations have struck a responsive chord among black athletes. If the athletic world is going to enjoy a reputation for equality and racial harmony, it is going to have to earn it.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ROGER STARR *is the Executive Director of the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council of New York City.* PHILLIP WHITTEN *is a doctoral candidate and Teaching Fellow at Harvard University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Fire Is Hot

Sirs:

In an article commenting on the movement of the student extremists ("The Student Drive to Destruction," October 19, 1968) I identified it as a continuation of the nihilistic movement that first developed in the middle of the last century and was described in Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. A perceptive friend suggested that the spluttering violence of the reaction to my article by the extremists themselves could be explained by the fact that they took pride in the belief that their movement was without precedent. They thought of themselves as having crossed a watershed in history, and of everyone over thirty as still belonging to the unregenerate past they had left behind. All commentators appear to agree that, however intelligent the student extremists may be, they are ignorant of history.

In this context I will call attention to the following account by George Orwell (taken from an essay, "Inside the Whale," published in 1940) of why the young English intellectuals of the 1930s gave their allegiance *en masse* to Stalinist Russia:

> But there is one other thing that undoubtedy contributed to the cult of Russia among the English intelligentsia during these years, and that is the softness and security of life in England itself. With all its injustices, England is still the land of habeas corpus, and the overwhelming majority of English people have no experience of violence or illegality. If you have grown up in that sort of atmosphere it is not at all easy to imagine what a despotic régime is like. Nearly all the dominant writers of the 'thirties belonged to the soft-boiled emancipated middle class and were too young to have effective memories of the Great War. To people of that kind such things as purges, secret police, summary executions, imprisonment without trial, etc., etc., are too remote to be terrifying. They can swallow totalitarianism *because* they have no experience of anything except liberalism. . . . So much of left-wing thought is a kind of playing with fire by people who don't even know that fire is hot.

Louis J. Halle
Valais, Switzerland

Charnita Nonresident

Sirs:

David Sanford's article "Charnita Bonanza" (Sept. 13) made its point about real estate hustlers, and I would not comment if I didn't feel personally implicated. Sanford writes that his guide showed him some of the fine homes in the new (1965) Pennsylvania resort, one of which belonged to Robert Lindner, the "psychiatrist" ("psychoanalyst" would have been correct) who wrote *The Fifty-Minute Hour*. Dr. Lindner (my father) died in 1956 at the age of 41, and, unless Charnita knows something I don't, he is buried near his home in Baltimore and has nothing to do with a Better Homes and Gardens castle in Pennsylvania. Swank houses were not his bag, anyway, and I thank Mr. Sanford for enlightening me to the use of Dr. Lindner's name in vain.

Eric Lindner
Jamestown, Tennessee

Off-Campus Moratorium

Sirs:

In your two articles referring to the October 15 Vietnam Moratorium (Anti-war for Everyman," September 13; and "Into the Breach," September 20), you treat this peace action as if it were exclusively a campus affair.

Supporting the campus movement, but acting independently, many communities across the country will be putting aside "business as usual" that day in favor of taking action for peace.

In our own community, action will be directed to include the more moderate element of the town, giving an opportunity to people who have never be-

Just published . . .

Big Bill Haywood and the Radical Labor Movement

by Joseph R. Conlin

"During his lifetime he was acquitted of murder in a celebrated case, became the leader of the Wobblies, . . . and a famous exile in the Soviet Union. Add to his story mining in the Old West, Clarence Darrow as defense attorney, and the Lawrence and Paterson textile strikes. It is surprising that until now there has been no full length book about him. Conlin has written a competent account."—*Library Journal*

Illustrated $6.95

The paperback edition of . . .

The Arab-Israeli Dilemma

by Fred J. Khouri

"The most comprehensive and up-to-date survey of the Arab-Israeli conflict yet published. This is a work which should command the attention of all serious students of the Arab-Israeli conflict, whatever their points of view. It is especially recommended to those who deal with the problem actively."—*Foreign Service Journal*

436 pages, map. Cloth, $10.00; Paper, $4.25

From your bookseller or
Syracuse University Press / Syracuse, New York 13210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore expressed their feelings about the war. As a community, we are sending a petition to President Nixon urging the end of the war; we will have a meeting at the town hall to read the petition and the names of the war dead and to hear a speaker; and in the evening we will show the film "Land Without Joy" and a film of George Wald addressing businessmen in Washington.

The significance of such action in a moderate, even conservative, town such as Milton is that the college campuses are not the only locales where feeling runs strongly against the war. College-aged students are faced directly with the reality of the draft; we in this middle-class, non-university community are concerned, not for ourselves, but for all Americans. The campuses have been a vocal and valuable channel for resistance to the war; on October 15th, their voices will be joined by many others.

Ottilie M. Ketchum
Milton, Mass.

In the September-October issue of

DISSENT

Irving Howe
on

THE AGONY OF THE CAMPUS

"This is a good time to remember what we owe the students. Owe, not to one or another group and certainly not to the 'actions' of last year, but to the fresh and undogmatic young people who in 1963-64 began to assault the injustices of American society."

$1 per copy—Now available at your newsstand or by writing to:

***Dissent*, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 10017**

Peace Corps Lobotomy

Sirs:

Re "Uncivil War Afflicts the Peace Corps," (NR, August 30), Joseph H. Blatchford and Russ Davis were probably telling the truth when they said they didn't make the decision to drop the Peace Corps lawyer program for Micronesia. I think there is good enough evidence on the grapevine to substantiate the story that a phone call to Blatchford directly from the White House was responsible.

Regardless of its origin, the decision not to replace the majority of the Peace Corps lawyers in Micronesia when they terminated was a high-level one, well-aimed at those volunteers who have been the most successful in aiding Micronesians in general and their District Legislatures and Congress in particular in confronting the arrogance of the American Administration. But Nixon and his men will not rid themselves of disturbing outside influences until they eliminate all Peace Corps Volunteers there, or until, just as effectively, Blatchford performs his planned frontal lobotomy on Peace Corps by packing it with the over-thirty technically skilled high-paid types.

From my experience, Peace Corps has had an important and genuinely positive effect on most Micronesians. With few exceptions, mostly missionaries, Volunteers have been the only outsiders to speak their languages. They are often the only Americans working with Micronesians outside the district centers; indeed, as most Micronesians who attain high-school and college educations leave their home islands to reside in the district centers, it is often the Volunteers who are the only highly educated people in these more remote areas. Further, it is the Volunteers who, by and large, have come to respect and admire the diverse cultures of Micronesia and who have explained countless times, from experience, that America's wealth has not solved many of its problems and is likely to solve few of theirs. . . .

If the lawyers are completely eliminated, despite strong Micronesian desire for continuation of the program, it will be clear that the Pentagon is calling the shots, Blatchford's excuses notwithstanding.

Alan B. Burdick
Berkeley, California

Alabama Democrats

Sirs:

Would that the Democratic factionalism in Alabama were so simple and clear-cut as your note of September 13 ("Alabamas Branch") implies. Then men of good will would not be compelled to agonize and divide over the proper course to follow.

It is true that the 72-member State Democratic Executive Committee, whose choice for national committeeman is former Congressman Albert Raines, is "all-white" and "doesn't have a single black member." But it is also true that, unlike the NDP's governing body, they are elected in an open party primary. No mention is made, moreover, of the widely publicized efforts initiated by Mr. Vance to achieve a far-reaching reform of the State Committee to insure fair and equitable representation to all factions of the party.

It is a bit far-fetched to speak of Dr. Cashin's National Democratic Party as "integrated" in any significant sense. It has no white support of any consequence and, in addition, cannot claim the support of anywhere near a majority of blacks.

You mention that an estimated 85 percent of the Humphrey-Muskie votes cast in Alabama last year came from black voters, but rather slightingly skip past the fact that by a margin of almost 3 to 1 those votes were cast against the NDP. You mention the NDP's recent success in a special election under unique circumstances in Greene County, but fail to mention that local NDP candidates in the last general election lost in black wards by margins approaching 7 to 1 (such was the case in Mobile). Moreover, those blacks presently holding office in Alabama – over 70, more than any other Southern state, and including the sheriff of Macon County – were by a wide majority elected under the aegis of the regular party. Blacks have, for some time, held positions on county committees in the urban counties. This is not to suggest that all is utopia here. Not by a long shot. But it's not so bleak as some would have you believe.

Your editorial states that "an overworked and confused" credentials committee refused to recognize the NDP at the Democratic convention. The im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plication, I presume, is that recognition was refused not on the merits of the case but because the credentials committee was harried and confused. That may have been the case, but I am not convinced of it. The question unfortunately but perhaps inevitably became tangled in the pro-Humphrey, anti-Humphrey contest, and votes were cast by both sides on that basis rather than on the merits of the case. That does not mean, however, that the merits were on the other side. Right decisions are often made for the wrong reasons and vice-versa.

Certainly the vote on the convention floor should give pause to those who assume that virtue lay alone with the NDP. The decision to unseat the pro-Wallace members of the regular delegation and fill their places with Democratic loyalists from the AIDP rather than the NDP was the *only* majority report of the credentials committee that did not meet with solid opposition from delegations such as California and New York. Indeed, if my memory does not fail me, the majority report in re Alabama was sustained by a *majority* of the delegation from New York. Certainly those members who had heard both sides and were willing to vote the merits of the case were not convinced that the right lay with Dr. Cashin.

There are personal jealousies and hopes of political patronage that motivate many in both factions. Such squabbling among two groups whose primary objective is the same – to free the state from Wallace's domination and bring the State party back into an honorable and acceptable relationship with the national party – is tragic. Neither side has exhibited as great a willingness to put aside personal pique and political advantage as it should, but the greater fault, it seems to me, lies with Dr. Cashin and the NDP. Increasingly, he seems willing to accept a Democratic Party doomed to minority status within the state so long as the NDP can speak for the Party in national councils and control patronage in the state. Noble causes are not always led by noble men and those who from afar are eager to champion a cause of such uncertain merit might do well to investigate further.

There are some of us here who are interested solely in building a Democratic Party worthy to participate in a rejuvenated national party, one truly representative of all the people of Alabama and genuinely capable of governing in all areas of the state and at all levels of government. We have not always agreed with Mr. Vance and all his actions. But the reforms he offers and the strategy he has adopted hold far greater promise of achieving that goal than the self-serving and, in the long run, self-defeating machinations of Dr. Cashin and the NDP.

William D. Barnard
Mobile, Alabama

Oral Success

Sirs:

. . . Unlike Mr. Ridgeway ("'Dumb' Children," August 2, 1969) I know whereof I speak. I have two severely hard of hearing children taught at Central Institute for the Deaf in St. Louis in the oral method. Both entered public school in the elementary grades, and with the interest and cooperation of dedicated teachers, counselors, and school administrators we were able to work out many problems such as the example Mr. Ridgeway quotes of the child in the home economics class. Along the way we met teachers who did not want to make the effort – they were few and far between. My children are part of the world around them. They have friends in both the hearing and the deaf world. They are the envy of their hearing friends because they were taught by a method now being used in progressive public schools to teach young children to read. My daughter graduates from college this summer with a very respectable average, and my son enters college this fall. . . . I think Mr. Ridgeway owes them and the hundreds of people who gave them a future an apology.

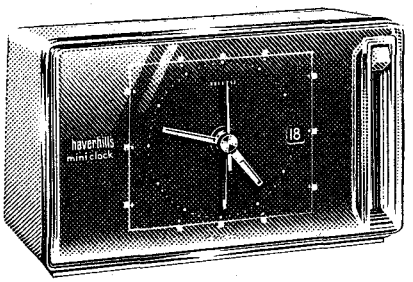
(Mrs.) Nat Rosenthal
St. Louis, Mo.

Racial Definitions

Sirs:

Christopher Jencks' article, "What Color is IQ?," (September 13) about Arthur Jensen's recent claim that blacks have a lower IQ than whites, and that the explanation is hereditary by virtue of race is a good refutation

Should you pay $25 for "Just" a Clock?



Yes, but only if you get the outstanding features that you find in the **12-Month Clock.** Briefly, these are the most important ones: There is a calendar – when you wake up you'll know what day it is. An ordinary flashlight battery powers the transistorized mechanism for a year or more. Accurate? You can regulate it to within 2 seconds in 24 hours. The alarm is gentle, but very effective. Needless to say, the **12-Month Clock** is absolutely noiseless – no tick, no tock, not even a purr. Luminous dial, of course. Measures a compact 5 x 3 x 2½", just right for the night table and compact enough to make a fine travel clock. If you can afford to indulge your appreciation of fine things or if you wish to make a wonderful gift (perhaps to a son or daughter with early classes), the **12-Month** clock is for you.

☐ Send me the **12-Month Clock.** I enclose $25.95 ($24.95 plus $1 for post. and insur.). Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.
☐ **White Model:** White case, midnight blue dial.
☐ **Grey Model:** Grey case, white dial.

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP

haverhill's TNR-1004
584 Washington Street, San Francisco, CA 94111

In the September-October issue of

DISSENT

Michael Walzer on

CORPORATE AUTHORITY AND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

"Civil disobedience is generally described as a nonrevolutionary encounter with the state. A man breaks the law, but does so in ways that do not challenge the legitimacy of the legal or political systems. . . . I want to argue that there is a kind of disobedience that does not meet either of these requirements, and yet sometimes falls within the range of civility."

$1 per copy—Now available at your newsstand or by writing to:

***Dissent*, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 10017**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $3. at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

"SIX HUNDRED *welfare recipients recently gathered at Wayne State Univ. in Detroit for a meeting. Although some had worked in the past as domestic servants, they would not, they made it clear, willingly accept such work now; they 'would never in this time of technological, economic and human-rights advances, perform such demeaning and low-wage work again.' Instead, they'll stay on welfare.*"

For a free copy of Wm. F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. R, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016.

In the September-October issue of

DISSENT

Victor Serge—*A True Story*

Brendan Sexton—
A Memoir of John L. Lewis

Stanley Plastrik—
Backlash, Violence, Politics

Letters from Paris, Rome, Saigon and Moscow

Plus book reviews & other features

Order your copy now or subscribe

Dissent, 509 Fifth Ave.
New York 10017

Enclosed find $1 for your Sept.-Oct. issue or ($6 for a one-year subscription)

Name .....
(please print)

Street .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

of Mr. Jensen's position. But he, like other commentators, has neglected a basic point: Mr. Jensen arrives at a genetic conclusion via statistics based on cultural definitions of race. The admixture of race in the United States make it practically impossible to identify racially "pure" Negro or white. Miscegenation has made a mishmosh of Mr. Jensen's science.

Genetically, in the United States, what is a Negro? Or a Caucasian? Whose definition does Mr. Jensen use? Not that of the geneticist, of the physical anthropologist, but rather, of whatever school or army proctor gave the tests – or even the test-taker himself. Scientific racial definitions are not used by the people who give or take IQ tests – just labels. There are many so-called Negro students in segregated black elementary schools whose skin is lighter than those of many children in white schools. The race of the subjects in the studies Mr. Jensen considered were defined not by scientists but by cultural circumstances.

Most of the time when we designate *Negro* or *black* or *white* to define race, we are not speaking scientifically at all. Racial definitions are unsophisticatedly cultural, even Mr. Jensen's in the present case. No scientific conclusion involving generalizations about racial heredity can possibly be drawn from his evidence.

As Mr. Jencks points out, this is one of those "how-many-angels-on-the-point-of-a-pin" arguments that will go by the board when racism is no longer a social issue. One hopes that we can arrive at it sooner by not mixing up science and folklore as Mr. Jensen has done. In fact, even his opponents have fogged the basic issue by attacking Mr. Jensen's conclusions rather than more simply demolishing his false assumptions that he could determine the *genetic* difference between blacks and whites by checking IQ tests at several removes from direct observation.

Milton R. Stern
Director
University Center for Adult Education
Detroit, Michigan

COMING:
Alex Campbell
on
Ambassador's Journal: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years
by John Kenneth Galbraith

Teachers

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we invite you to consider using *The New Republic* in your classroom. As in years past, we offer you the opportunity of ordering this magazine at a special classroom rate for bulk orders of 10 or more. Each student's copy costs only 15 cents weekly if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. *Free desk copies are included for each instructor.* Copies are mailed from Washington, D. C., on Fridays, three days before *The New Republic* appears on any newsstand, so that your students are assured of receiving the magazine while the news and reviews are fresh and exciting.

Advance payment is not necessary. You need only notify us how many copies and how many issues you wish. Your bill will be sent later. Mail your order without delay to:

CLASSROOM DEPARTMENT
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

still it's an important event in our cultural history. Autobiographical films, such as this, are rare enough, and this one is by a black man about his boyhood. Ten years ago it would have been inconceivable that such a film would be financed by a major producer; five years ago it would have been highly improbable. And (as I have seen) its effect on a black audience, after decades of peripheral black characters in films, is one of powerful affirmation. *The Rain People* is a tedious and affected piece about a wandering young wife who "finds" herself through her experiences with a simple brute, the most painful bit of preciosity since Jack Garfein's *Something Wild* (1962), which it resembles somewhat; but it was written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola, a relatively recent film-school graduate, and whatever it is, is his own work. *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* is by a more recent film-school graduate, Martin Scorsese, and on a more limited budget, again tries to substitute camera shenanigans for insight and content. The script, about Italian-American puritanism, is like that familiar first novel or first play where the author thinks that, because he's writing of what he knows, we automatically want to know it too; but distinctly it is a "personal" film.

To this list could be added *Midnight Cowboy*, which was directed by an Englishman but is American in backing, source, script, and performance, and *Alice's Restaurant*. Arthur Penn is so well established that he can do virtually anything he chooses; his choice of *Alice* reflects the temper of the past two years.

All these films are of widely varying quality and prove yet again that to make a film "personally" is no guarantee of artistic success. A straight commercial film like *Hot Millions* or *Funny Girl* is a lot more rewarding than *The Rain People*. And as I've noted in my reviews of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Easy Rider* and *Medium Cool*, the free souls have their own falsities and self-indulgences to beware of. Still the promise in this new situation cannot be denied.

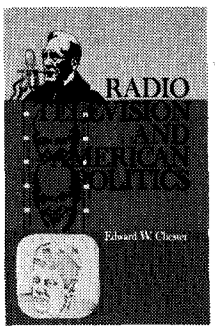
The reason for this change in the theatrical mainstream is, I believe, the presence in the audience of the millions who have been pouring out of colleges since World War II and, perhaps more especially, the millions who are now in colleges: their growing interest in the film, their *reliance* on it as they rely on no other art; their rejection of the ludicrousness of the commercial formulas or at least their refusal to accept them as the totality of film; their concern with the society in which they live and themselves in that society; their shame at the difference between what has been happening in the best postwar European film and what had been happening here. The fulcrum on which the change turned, the essential component, is of course the mind of the financier. He has seen where the money is; at least he has seen that the money is not unfailingly where it dependably used to be; and in his bewildered thrashings-about, he has sometimes thrashed toward the personal film. Of course if personal films don't make money, their future is going to be in difficulty, just as the French New Wave ebbed quickly when so many of those films lost money; so I hope that, in his floundering, the financier doesn't back too many fuddlers or fashion-mongers or arty fakers, or else he will soon do his floundering in some other direction. But in the meanwhile a needed avenue has been opened.

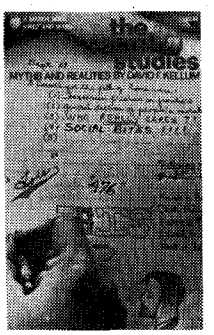
There are at least two possible results of this change, if it takes real root. First, critical standards can be used for American film that are cognate (not identical) with those for any other art; there will be less need for a lopsided critical theory, deliberately built askew so that it can slide past commercial distortions to judge whatever is left inside of merit. Second, American film can engage, as consciously and explicitly as any other art, with social and psychical matters. Much, of course, will remain mysterious and uncontrollable, perceptible only after the event, like so much in all art and in life. But the equation – the one noted by Miss Deming – will shift. More will move into the area of design and control; and what is left down there in the uncontrollable may thus resound even deeper.

POSTERS OF THE PAST

Excellent decorations for home, office or schools. Reproduced in limited editions, some posters are extremely rare. Over 1000 listed in catalogue showing political and social history of the US until 1900, from 25c to $1.00. Send 25c for complete catalogue to:

PIONEER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Dept. NR10 Harriman, Tennessee 37748





A seminal work of vital interest

RADIO, TELEVISION AND AMERICAN POLITICS
by EDWARD W. CHESTER

The first complete history and analysis of the impact of radio and TV on U.S. politics at all levels. The period covered is from 1920, when KDKA announced Harding's election, through the 1968 elections. The author, a member of the History Department of the University of Texas at Arlington, has made use of all available data, including unpublished material in the Presidential libraries. His Notes on Sources and a selected bibliography of some 500 items enhance the value of this searching and scholarly book. $7.50

"Recommended and worthy of lay attention"
—*Library Journal*

THE SOCIAL STUDIES
Myths and Realities
by DAVID F. KELLUM

This fighting book on right and wrong ways to teach history and the social studies will interest, stimulate—and possibly alarm—everyone concerned with our secondary schools today. Professor of Secondary Education at the University of Alberta, David Kellum is thoroughly familiar with U.S. schools. He has written "one of the most significant books on teaching the social studies to appear in a long time."—Alice L. Foley, Assistant Superintendent, Brighton Schools, Rochester, N.Y. Cloth, $5.00. Search Paperback, $2.45

At your bookstore, or from
SHEED & WARD
64 University Place
New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personals

BUTTONS, BUMPERSTICKERS. All custom-made. Lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $1.00 (refundable) for price list and samples. LARRY FOX, Box 581-N, Hempstead, New York. Phone: (516) 825-7706.

SPONSOR a needy American Indian child enabling him to continue his schooling. Correspondence, visits, reports. $12.50 monthly. Brochure. *Futures for Children*, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D.C. 20016.

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS by improving your arguments—AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles 90036.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write MEDITATIONS, P.O. Box 566N Ojai, California 93023.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER WANTED POSTER. Issued by the F.B.I.; full 10"x16" size. Send 50c to Cleaver, 325 Sheridan, Wilmette, Illinois 60091.

MUSKIE '72 bumperstickers 3/$1.00, buttons 4/$1.00. MUSKIE, 375 Buena Vista Road, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06604.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Send writing sample and $5 to Elizabeth King, 41 East 29th Street, New York, New York 10016.

SINGLES (ALL AGES) Take the blindness out of blind dates! Receive PHOTOS OF ALL PROSPECTIVE DATES! *PLUS* — Advanced matching systems. Write for free info. & questionnaire. YALE PHOTO-DATING SERVICE, INC., P.O. Box 509, Dept. K, 235 East 85th Street, New York, New York 10028.

GLOVE CLEANING, guaranteed. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. ROBLIN LEATHER CARE, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, New York 11542.

KUCKUCKSUHREN — Cuckoo and Old World Clocks. Imported from Europe. Full color details. Lake House, Box 722, Springfield, Illinois 62705.

ECCLESINE'S ADMONITION: "ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" plaque 8⅛" x 4" $1.50. Deluxe Edition, $2.50, grandiose, $5.00. Bumperstrip, 2/$1.00, 6/$2.50. Wry Idea Company, Box 178-N, Rye, New York 10580.

AMERICA, SAVE IT OR SCREW IT! Multi-purpose bumperstrip. 2/$1.00. Age of Aquarius, Box 1144-N, Wilmington, Delaware 19899.

HOW MANY VIETNAMESE FOUGHT IN *OUR* CIVIL WAR? Bumpersticker. 5/$1.00. Bell & Company, Beverly Hills 90210.

SLEEP-LEARNING; HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia Washington.

DIRTY OLD MEN NEED LOVE TOO—over 225 other underground buttons. 1/25c, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumperstickers, beads and peace jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Free sample to stores. A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO 94103.

RADIO YESTERYEAR: Over 6000 of those great old time Radio Shows. ANY program you remember: drama, bands, serials, comedy, etc. Send $1 for our huge catalogue (refundable) to Radio Yesteryear, Box H, Dept. L, Croton-on-Hudson, New York 10520. Member, Better Business Bureau.

DISCOVER AN INTRIGUING, fun approach to meeting alert, literate, Jewish singles. No computers used. For FREE analytical questionnaire write giving age. OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. 10N, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

"JOY TO THEE AND ME — CONFUSION To Our Enemies." Plaque, $1.50; deluxe, $2.50. IDEA PLAQUES, Box 178-N, Rye, New York 10580.

DIRECTOR OF SOCIAL CHANGE. 200 Communes listed. Magazines—$2.00 TMU, Box 1264-N, Berkeley, California 94701.

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY . . . Free Samples. Bargain-priced. Perfect as Gift. Write today: NR2, 4201 Groveland, Baltimore, Maryland 21215.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low-cost, custom-made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please state intended use. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING, INC., Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Mo. 63132. Phone (314) 423-5495.

TED/72 Bumper Stickers 4/$1. P.O. Box 195, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74101.

RECIPE FURNISHED for any foreign or domestic dish. $1.00. Recipe Research, P.O. Box 453, Worthington, Ohio 43085.

BLOW YOURSELF UP! 2½'x2' poster of anyone. Send returned snapshot $3.00. Pierpoint Products, Box 678, Inglewood, Calif. 90307.

LIKE COLORFUL STATIONERY? SMARTLY imprinted with your name and address. Rich textured papers. Send today for free idea-packed sample assortment many styles-sizes. Vivid new "hot" colors—beautiful "cool" pastels, plus dignified professional items in white. Write now. Jacques Company, 310 East 25th Street, Room 5-FA, New York, New York 10010.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, all occupations, sixty countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Only $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, New York 11730

ASTROLOGY. Complete Birth Horoscope, $20.00. Astrology Associates. Suite 600, 155 W. 46th Street, New York, New York CA 8-8346 (or PL 7-6300).

HELP BIAFRA. Subscribe to bi-weekly newsbulletin and become a member for $10.00. Send check, your name, address to: A.C.T. Keep Biafra Alive, 1234 Broadway, New York, New York 10001.

UNITED NATIONS FLAG decals, 3x5 — 3/$1.00. C.D. ENTERPRISES, Box N28, Riverside, Connecticut 06878.

VW OWNERS: IRRITATED by swashbuckling tax-bragging trucks? Retort! Bumperstrip! "This Vehicle Pays More Than $3.41 a Year in Road Use Taxes," 2/$1; 6/$2.50. Wry Idea, Box 178-N, Rye, New York 10580.

FORMERLY MARRIEDS-UNIVERSITY ALUMNI: Private Club in Manhattan, parties Friday, Saturday BE 3-5910. Box 505, Old Chelsea, NYC 10011.

"FOUR WILL FORMS" and Lawyer's 64-Page Booklet, plus "Guide to Wills." Complete $1.00. National Forms, Box 48313 NR, Los Angeles, California 90048.

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will forms and attorney's information book. $1.00. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1967 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

Literature

NATION'S Capital; nation's colony. Until we get self-government, your congressman helps run our city. Find out how he's doing. Read lively DC inner city monthly. Six months: $1.00. Capitol East Gazette, 109 8th Street NE, Washington, D.C. 20002.

WELL-KNOWN WRITER, BOOK-REVIEWER, analyses, revises manuscripts. (French-English) Box #4070, New Republic.

YOU THINK MISSISSIPPI SOULS HAVE IT BAD . . . learn about Texas 'chicanos.' Mexican-Americans, 129 Cincinnati, San Antonio, Texas 78201, $1.00.

MY NAME IS RICHARD. I write BOOKS — publish them myself and sell them for $1. Want one? Send your $1 to: Richard Liebow, 948 Market, San Francisco 94102.

OKLAHOMA LIMITED, A Liberal Journal of Opinion, Published Monthly $5 Per Year, Box 2777, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION for students, teachers and armed forces personnel to The New Republic Magazine. $6.00 for one year (a Saving of $4.00) or $4.00 for eight months. Mail payment and this ad to The New Republic Subscription Department/381 West Center Street/Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" BOOK MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

DO YOU TEACH? We suggest you enliven your classs by using The New Republic. On bulk orders of ten copies or more to a single address, the cost per copy is only 15c. Write to the Classroom Dept., New Republic, 1244 19th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

"FIVE YEARS IN MENTAL HOSPITALS," by Arthur Wellon. The best layman's book about psychiatric practises today. More balanced and informative than "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." 155 pages. Exposition Press, $5.50. 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 261 pages, 15,000 titles, subject indexed. $1.00, credited toward order. New York Book, 4AP West 43rd Street, New York City 10036.

THE TEACHER PAPER, the provocative magazine published and written by teachers only (K-12). No jargon. Subscription (four issues) $2.00. Single copies 75c. Manuscripts accepted, 1c/word. 280 N. Pacific Avenue, Monmouth, Oregon 97361.

Schools

QUAKER STUDY CENTER—Suburban Philadelphia. Workshop in social change and non-violence. Seminars on life of dialogue. Quakerism, Buber, learning to love poetry, drama, writing, crafts. Write D. R. Fradley, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086.

ROYALTON COLLEGE — School of International Affairs. Four Year Program, International Relations, Emphasizing World Literature, Economics and Politics. Interest, ability and willingness to work stressed more than past performance. Bachelor of Arts degree. For further information, Director of Admissions, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

Employment Wanted

ECONOMIC RESEARCH ASSISTANT seeks part/full time job NY. Experienced in statistics, writing and administering research projects. Box No. 4270, New Republic.

NATURAL RESOURCES ADMINISTRATOR, 4 years experience in interagency and intergovernmental coordination, administration and planning, seeks challenging position in political aspect of environmental management. Resume on request. Box 4240, New Republic.

NON-ESTABLISHMENT LIBERAL, M.A. (Government), Phi Beta Kappa, foreign, domestic experience seeks social-change work, D.C. area. Box 4275, New Republic.

INDUSTRIOUS, hard-working girl desires all kinds of typing jobs, manuscripts, theses, papers etc. Washington, D.C. area. Box 4250, New Republic.

VICTIM POLITICAL PURGE at the University of Houston seeks position Eastern University. Box No. 4280, New Republic.

EXPERIENCED SYSTEM DESIGNER seeks job doing good. Box 4245, New Republic.

Employment Opportunities

WRITERS-EDITERS: Newly-formed weekly newspaper in Boston needs investigative reporters and entertainment editors. Salary $8,000. Resume and samples to Box 419, Planetarium Station, New York City 10024.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities $1.00 Buckeye, Box HE, Fairborn, Ohio 45524.

EXPERIMENTAL non profit institute requires clerical, professional, other staff. Creative persons willing to work (some manual labor) help conduct year-round in-residence Seminar study series: community organizers; New Theatre; black history; racial disorder problems, etc. Rural, isolated location in DuBois County, Indiana. Some salary—negotiable, w/rustic lodging and board included. Write: CONREC, Post Office Box 282, New Albany, Indiana 47150.

HOW TO TRAVEL—AND GET PAID FOR IT. A 60,000 word guide to the jobs that take you overseas: in business, government, education, travel service, on ships and airlines. $1.50; satisfaction guaranteed. Britt-Christopher, Box 39549, Dept. 202, Los Angeles 90039.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest Government Information and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-EE, Long Beach California 90803.

Vacations/Travel

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries. Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyages, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-21, JCY, Bell, Bayside, N. Y. 11361.

Property–Sale/Rent

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, the Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact: The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, 216—751-2155.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES now available in the lovely suburban communities of Cleveland Heights, Shaker Heights and East Cleveland. All near spacious well equipped shopping centers, nationally acclaimed schools. These homes are located in mature integrated neighborhoods near Cleveland's Cultural Center, they sell from $16,000 to $32,000. VA Buyers "0" Down, FHA as low as $300.00 Down. Contact: Cleveland Listing Exchange, Inc., 2221 N. Taylor Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio—216—851-1000.

VACATION IN JAMAICA! "the Stuart place" on Jamaica's north shore (Port Maria) offers delightful restful luxury vacation. Just completed at cost of nearly $200,000. Luxurious contemporary-design, handsomely-furnished house on ten acres of natural beauty. Two centrally-air-conditioned bedroom suites, intervening sun porch; dressing rooms; study; playroom; spacious living room; bar; one of most beautiful views in the world from terrace. Very large swimming pool. Separate staff quarters (staff of five included in rental). PLUS a large guest house, three air-conditioned bedrooms and a dressing room, bathrooms, living room, verandah and kitchen, accommodates ten. Monthly rental thru December 15: $2,500. December 15 thru April 15: $4,200. Lyle Stuart, 230 Park Avenue South, New York City. 212—OR 4-2255.

MATHEWS COUNTY, VIRGINIA. 7 room simple handsome farm home piazza, on 12 acres, near Piankatank River and Chesapeake Bay. Modern kitchen and bath $25,000. John Askling, Cobbs Creek, Virginia.

Arts and Crafts

LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Illustrated catalogue, 50c. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst, New York 11373.

COLLECT ORIGINAL SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau. Margulies, Raphael Soyer, from $15. Free catalog with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25c for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 6, 663 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

CABUYA BAGS—Woven natural-fibre handbags—leather-trimmed—for beach, campus, casual wear. (C. D. Project) Write: Andean, Box 472-R, Cuenca, Equador.

Music

EASIEST STRINGED INSTRUMENT TO PLAY. Dulcimers $35 up, Kits $18 up. HERE, Inc., N Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master Lessons through correspondence. Beginners, Rusty Intermediates. Age no barrier. CAMEO STUDIO, 25-R Cameo Road, Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NR, New York, New York 10023.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) 45c
Per word 6 times in one contract year ...40c
Per word 12 times in one contract year...37c
Per word 24 times in one contract year...33c
Per word 48 times in one contract year...30c

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

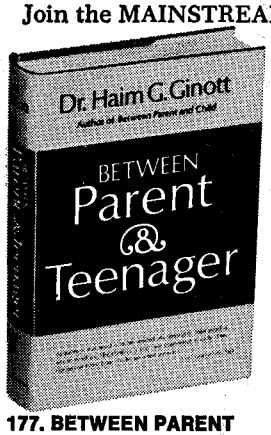
Printed by Merkle Press, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

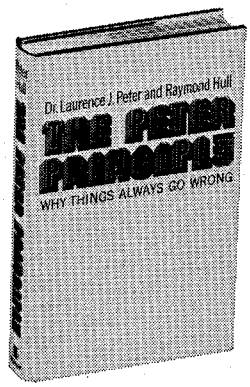
Any FOUR of these 23 books will make you more interesting.

Just $1. Interested?

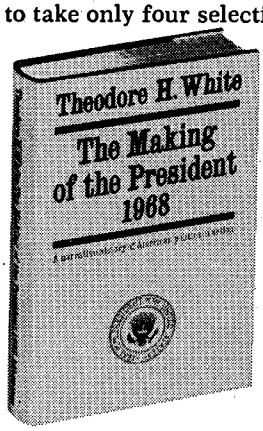
Join the MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB now and agree to take only four selections in the next two years.



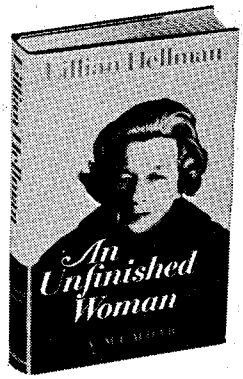
177. BETWEEN PARENT AND TEENAGER
Dr. Haim Ginott
Publisher's edition $5.95



16. THE PETER PRINCIPLE
Dr. Laurence J. Peter & Raymond Hull
Publisher's edition $4.95



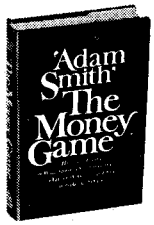
388. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT® 1968
T. H. White
Pub. ed. $10.00



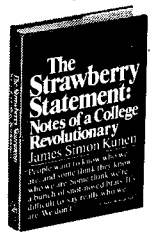
409. AN UNFINISHED WOMAN
Lillian Hellman
Publisher's edition $7.50

270. NORMA JEAN
Fred L. Guiles
Pub. ed. $8.95

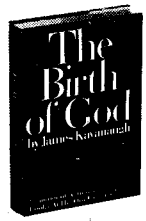
297. THE RICH & THE SUPER-RICH
Ferdinand Lundberg
Pub. ed. $15.00



345. THE MONEY GAME
"Adam Smith"
Pub. ed. $6.95

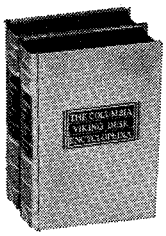


36. THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT
James Simon Kunen
Pub. ed. $4.95

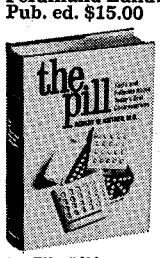


180. THE BIRTH OF GOD James Kavanaugh
Pub. ed. $4.95

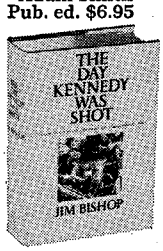
284. THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS
Vance Packard
Pub. ed. $6.95



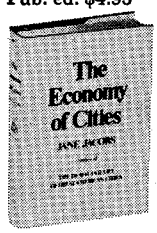
17. THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA (2 Vols.)
Pub. ed. $9.95



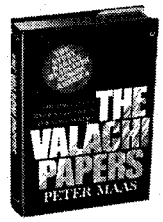
14. THE PILL
Robert W. Kistner, M.D.
Pub. ed. $5.95



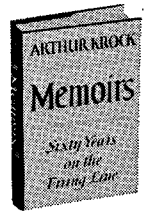
23. THE DAY KENNEDY WAS SHOT
Jim Bishop
Pub. ed. $7.95



217. THE ECONOMY OF CITIES
Jane Jacobs
Pub. ed. $5.95



291. THE VALACHI PAPERS
Peter Maas
Pub. ed. $6.95



228. MEMOIRS
Arthur Krock
Pub. ed. $10.00

CHOOSE ANY FOUR FOR ONLY $1

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB

Dept. 90-NRA Garden City, New York 11530

Please accept my application for membership and send me the four books whose numbers I have printed in boxes below:

Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all four books. However, if not delighted with them, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled.

If I decide to continue, I agree to purchase on my Club charge account as few as four more selections or alternates during the next *two* years at the members' special price, guaranteed to average 40% less than the publishers' editions (a modest charge is added for shipping and handling). Each month you will send me the free Club bulletin describing the forthcoming selection and other vital provocative books, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all if I do not wish to receive the selection. Every fourth purchase of a selection or alternate will entitle me to choose a free bonus book.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (please print)

Address

City State Zip

OFFER GOOD IN CONTINENTAL U.S.A. ONLY 3MS25

INTERESTING PEOPLE ARE MORE INFORMED. They know what's going on, lead discussions and back opinion with fact. They don't just rely on newspapers and TV for their information. Interesting people read books—particularly non-fiction. And the *most* interesting people select their non-fiction from the carefully screened offerings of the MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB. Almost always current or recent bestsellers.

Join the interesting people!

Take 4 bestsellers from this typical selection. Write their numbers in the boxes on the coupon. Complete the coupon and mail to MAINSTREAM. You have two whole years to choose only 4 more books from our many selections and alternates. Books on which you save an average of 40% off the publisher's edition price.

What we do for interesting people

We send your initial selection of 4 bestsellers, and bill you $1 (plus shipping and handling). Every month we mail you our free bulletin in which MAINSTREAM editors fully describe their new selections *before publication*, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all. We send you the books you choose on publication, billing you at a huge discount. Every fourth purchase entitles you to select a free *bonus* book.

The time to join the interesting people is now. Send no money. Just fill in the coupon and mail to MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York 11530.

402. MAN AGAINST CANCER Bernard Glemser
Pub. ed. $7.95

326. INSTANT REPLAY
Jerry Kramer
Pub. ed. $5.95

398. THE BOUVIERS
John H. Davis
Pub. ed. $10.00

314. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT® 1960 & 1964
T. H. White
Combined price
Pub.ed. $20.00

26. THE ARMS OF KRUPP William Manchester.
Pub.ed. $12.50

2. HAMMOND'S CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS
Pub. ed. $9.95

129. WASHINGTON
Douglas Southall Freeman
Pub. ed. $14.95

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
SEP 3 0 1969

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED